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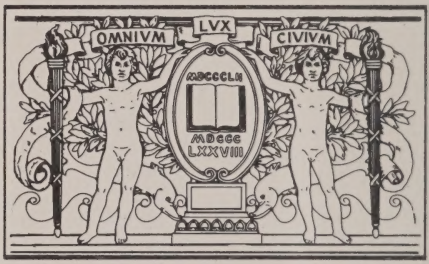

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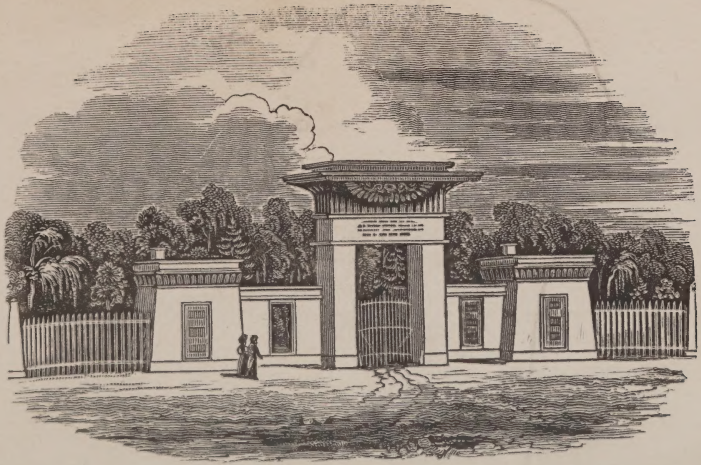

THE

PICTURESQUE

POCKET COMPANION,

AND

VISITOR'S GUIDE,

THROUGH

MOUNT AUBURN:

ILLUSTRATED WITH UPWARDS OF

SIXTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

235.8.8

Yes, lightly, softly, move!
There is a power, a presence, in the woods;
A viewless being, that, with life and love,
Informs these reverential solitudes.

BOSTON:

OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY.

MDCCCXXXIX.

120440
Egremont Rev. H. C.
Oct. 3. 71.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1839,
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HISTORY OF MOUNT AUBURN.

The celebrity attained by Mount Auburn, pronounced by European travellers the most beautiful Cemetery in existence, and which, perhaps, without assuming too much, may be called the *Père la Chaise* of America,—the extraordinary natural loveliness of the spot,—the admirable character of the establishment which is there maintained,—the fact that this was the first conspicuous example of the kind in our country,—these, with many others we might mention, are considerations strongly in favor of putting on record a more accurate and complete history of its origin and progress than has yet been given to the public. Nor need we suppose that such an account will concern only the numerous class of individuals, chiefly belonging to our own vicinity, whose interest in this Cemetery is yet of the deepest and most delicate character,—that which kindred feel in the dust and monuments of kindred, and in the ground, whatever and wherever it may be, in whose bosom they expect their own remains may repose, when the great debt of nature shall be paid.

A feeling of less immediate and intimate application than this, but of the same kind, has evidently been for some years increasing and extending throughout the American community. In no small degree it is probably a result of the formation of the establishment at Mount Auburn itself. Something more and better than the mere love of novelty, or the ordinary admiration of what is admirable, is certainly at its foundation. It shows itself in works that speak louder than any language. Our Cemetery has become, within the few years of its existence, a model for all similar institutions in the United States, and more of these have been founded within the last half dozen years, than during the whole two centuries that preceded them. At this moment, associations in several of our principal cities and towns are engaged in such undertakings. It is well known that applications are continually made from these parties, for information relating to Mount Auburn. The multitudes of foreigners and other strangers, who frequent the northern metropolis during the travelling season, experience the same want. For them there is no resort of recreation (using that word in its just philosophical sense) in Boston or its vicinity, equally satisfactory with this "pleasant though mournful" spot. Nothing more perhaps is needed to complete their enjoyment of it, than a better knowledge than can at present be easily obtained, of the causes and sources to which they are indebted for the pleasure it gives them, of the principles upon which the establishment is conducted, and of the means by which its yet unrivalled perfections may be emulated in every section of the land.

In drawing up this account, which we propose to render as practically useful as may be, we have sought to fortify our authenticity by references to original and official documents, for the introduction of which we are confident the reader will require of us no apology beyond what is implied in this explanation. The subject is not of a character to excite the meditative mind for the moment to a mood of matter-of-fact enquiry, but it is certain, on the other hand, that a sentimental history—if such a thing might be—is not what is wanted.

The considerations of a general nature which first led to the adoption of measures for the foundation of the establishment at Mount Auburn, are such as are already familiar, we must presume, to such of our readers as have reflected on the subject at all. In the address delivered at its consecration by Mr. Justice Story, they are expressed with equal force and beauty; as also in the Reports of Committees of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, published in 1831, and written by some of our most distinguished citizens. These papers will be incorporated in this history, or added to it, in due course; meanwhile it is proper to remark that not only sentiments and reflections similar to those which these publications express had long been entertained by many members of this community, but certain incipient steps towards the putting of such designs in execution had been taken, some years, at least, prior to the actual result now well known to the public.

The earliest meeting on the subject of the Cemetery, so far as we have been able to ascertain, was held in November, 1825, at the house and by the instance of

our respected fellow-citizen, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, on which occasion were present with himself Messrs. John Lowell, George Bond, William Sturgis, Thomas W. Ward, Samuel P. Gardiner, John Tappan and Nathan Hale. The design of a Cemetery somewhere in the vicinity of the city met with unanimous approval, and Messrs. Bond and Tappan were appointed a Committee to make enquiries, and report a suitable piece of ground for the purpose. The Committee were unsuccessful in their enquiries, and never reported, nor was the subject ever actively revived in any way by these immediate parties.

The next movement was in 1830, when Dr. Bigelow, having obtained from George W. Brimmer, Esq., the offer of "Sweet Auburn," for a Public Cemetery, at the price of six thousand dollars, communicated the fact to the officers of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and engaged their co-operation as private individuals in a great effort to accomplish the object in view. A meeting of members of that Society was held on the twenty-third of November, by invitation of Messrs. Bigelow and John C. Gray, to discuss the plan of a Cemetery to be connected with an "Experimental Garden" of the Society. A Committee of the Society was now appointed, consisting of Messrs. H. A. S. Dearborn, Jacob Bigelow, Edward Everett, G. Bond, J. C. Gray, Abbott Lawrence, and George W. Brimmer. These gentlemen called a more general meeting on the eighth of June, 1831, "to consider the details of a plan now about to be carried into execution," &c. On this occasion the attendance was large. Mr. Justice Story took the chair, and the Hon. E. Everett acted as Secre-

tary. Great interest and entire unanimity were expressed in regard to the design of the meeting. It was now voted to purchase Sweet Auburn, provided one hundred subscribers could be obtained, at sixty dollars each; also to appoint a Committee of twenty to report on a general plan of proceedings proper to be adopted towards effecting the objects of the meeting; and the following gentlemen were chosen:—Messrs. Joseph Story, Daniel Webster, H. A. S. Dearborn, Charles Lowell, Samuel Appleton, Jacob Bigelow, Edward Everett, George W. Brimmer, George Bond, A. H. Everett, Abbott Lawrence, James T. Austin, Franklin Dexter, Joseph P. Bradlee, Charles Tappan, Charles P. Curtis, Zebedee Cook, Jr., John Pierpont, L. M. Sargent and George W. Pratt, Esquires.

An elaborate Report, on the general objects of the meeting, was on this occasion offered by the previously appointed Committee.*

Another meeting was held on the 11th of June, at which the Committee of twenty reported—

1. That it is expedient to purchase, for a Garden and Cemetery, a tract of land, commonly known by the name of Sweet Auburn, near the road leading from Cambridge to Watertown, containing about seventy-two acres, for the sum of six thousand dollars: provided this sum can be raised in the manner proposed in the second article of this report.

2. That a subscription be opened for lots of ground in the said tract, containing not less than two hundred square feet each, at the price of sixty dollars for each

* See Appendix to this History, No. I.

lot, the subscription not to be binding until one hundred lots are subscribed for.

3. That when a hundred or more lots are taken, the right of choice shall be disposed of at an auction, of which seasonable notice shall be given to the subscribers.

4. That those subscribers, who do not offer a premium for the right of choosing, shall have their lots assigned to them by lot.

5. That the fee of the land shall be vested in the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, but that the use of the lots, agreeably to an Act of the Legislature, respecting the same, shall be secured to the subscribers, their heirs and assigns, forever.

6. That the land devoted to the purpose of a Cemetery shall contain not less than forty acres.

7. That every subscriber, upon paying for his lot, shall become a member, for life, of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, without being subject to assessments.

8. That a Garden and Cemetery Committee of nine persons shall be chosen annually, first by the subscribers, and afterwards by the Horticultural Society, whose duty it shall be to cause the necessary surveys and allotments to be made, to assign a suitable tract of land for the Garden of the Society, and to direct all matters appertaining to the regulation of the Garden and Cemetery; five at least of this Committee shall be persons having rights in the Cemetery.

9. That the establishment, including the Garden and Cemetery, be called by a definite name, to be supplied by the Committee.

The Society on this occasion *Resolved*, "That the Report of the Committee on an Experimental Garden and Rural Cemetery be accepted, and that said Committee be authorized to proceed in the establishment of a Garden and Cemetery, in conformity to the Report which has this day been made and accepted."

The following article, which appeared about this time in the Daily Advertiser, (attributed to the pen of the distinguished gentleman who acted as secretary of some of the meetings above referred to) conveys so complete an idea of the reasoning and spirit that animated the movements now described, in which this establishment had its beginning, that, although not an official document strictly, it may be considered indispensable to a satisfactory account of these proceedings, and we therefore, as well as for the sake of the style of the paper itself, insert it entire :

"The spot, which has been selected for this establishment, has not been chosen without great deliberation, and a reference to every other place in the vicinity of Boston, which has been named for the same purpose. In fact, the difficulty of finding a proper place has been for several years the chief obstacle to the execution of this project. The spot chosen is as near Boston as is consistent with perfect security from the approach of those establishments, usually found in the neighborhood of a large town, but not in harmony with the character of a place of burial. It stands near a fine sweep in Charles River. It presents every variety of surface, rising in one part into a beautiful elevation, level in others, with intermediate depressions, and a considerable part of the whole covered with the natural growth

of wood. In fact, the place has long been noted for its rural beauty, its romantic seclusion and its fine prospect; and it is confidently believed, that there is not another to be named, possessing the same union of advantages.

It is proposed to set apart a considerable portion of this delightful spot, for the purpose of a burial place. Little will be required from the hand of art to fit it for that purpose. Nature has already done almost all that is required. Scarcely any thing is needed but a suitable enclosure; and such walks as will give access to the different parts of the enclosed space, and exhibit its features to the greatest advantage. It is proposed, (as it appears from the report above cited) to divide the parts of the tract, best adapted to that purpose, into lots, containing two hundred or more square feet, to be used by individuals becoming proprietors of them, for the purposes of burial. It will be at the option of those interested to build tombs of the usual construction on these lots, or to make graves in them, when occasion may require; identifying the lot by a single monument, or the graves by separate stones, or leaving the whole without any other ornament, than the green turf and the overshadowing trees.

By the act of the Legislature, authorizing the Horticultural Society to establish this Cemetery, it is placed under the protection of the Laws, and consecrated to the perpetual occupancy of the dead. Being connected with the adjacent experimental garden, it will be under the constant inspection of the Society's Gardener; and thus possess advantages, in reference to the care and neatness with which it will be kept, not usually

found in places of burial. A formal act of dedication with religious solemnities, will impart to it a character of sanctity; and consecrate it to the sacred purposes for which it is destined.

It is a matter of obvious consideration, that with the rapid increase of the City of Boston, many years cannot elapse, before the deposit of the dead within its limits must cease. It is already attended with considerable difficulty and is open to serious objection. The establishment now contemplated presents an opportunity for all, who wish to enjoy it, of providing a place of burial for those, for whom it is their duty to make such provision. The space is ample, affording room for as large a number of lots as may be required, for a considerable length of time; and the price at which they are now to be purchased, it is believed, is considerably less than that of tombs, in the usual places of their construction.

Although no one, whose feelings and principles are sound, can regard without tenderness and delicacy the question, where he will deposit the remains of those, whom it is his duty to follow to their last home, yet it may be feared, that too little thought has been had for the decent aspect of our places of sepulture or their highest adaptation to their great object. Our burial places are in the cities crowded till they are full, nor, in general, does any other object, either in town or country, appear to have been had in view in them, than that of confining the remains of the departed to the smallest portion of earth that will hide them. Trees, whose inexpressible beauty has been provided by the hand of the Creator, as the great ornament of

the earth, have rarely been planted about our grave yards; the enclosures are generally inadequate and neglected, the graves indecently crowded together, and often, after a few years, disturbed; and the whole appearance as little calculated as possible to invite the visits of the seriously disposed, to tranquilize the feelings of surviving friends, and to gratify that disposition which would lead us to pay respect to their ashes.

Nor has it hitherto been in the power even of those, who might be able and willing to do it, to remedy these evils, as far as they are themselves concerned. Great objections exist to a place of sepulture in a private field; particularly this, that in a few years, it is likely to pass into the hands of those who will take no interest in preserving its sacred deposit from the plough. The mother of Washington lies buried in a field, the property of a person not related to her family, and in a spot which cannot now be identified. In the public grave yard it is not always in the power of an individual, to appropriate to a single place of burial, space enough for the purposes of decent and respectful ornament.

The proposed establishment seems to furnish every facility for gratifying the desire, which must rank among the purest and strongest of the human heart; and which would have been much more frequently indicated, but for the very serious, and sometimes insuperable obstacles of which we have spoken. Here it will be in the power of every one, who may wish it, at an expense considerably less than that of a common tomb or a vault beneath a church, to deposit the mortal remains of his friends; and to provide a place of burial

for himself,—which while living he may contemplate without dread or disgust; one which is secure from the danger of being encroached upon as in the grave yards of the city; secluded from every species of uncongenial intrusion; surrounded with every thing that can fill the heart with tender and respectful emotions:—beneath the shade of a venerable tree, on the slope of the verdant lawn, and within the seclusion of the forest;—removed from all the discordant scenes of life.

Such were the places of burial of the ancient nations. In a spot like this, were laid the remains of the patriarchs of Israel. In the neighborhood of their great cities the ancient Egyptians established extensive cities of the dead; and the Greeks and Romans erected the monuments of the departed by the road side; on the approach to their cities, or in pleasant groves in their suburbs. A part of the Grove of Academus, near Athens, famous for the school of Plato, was appropriated to the sepulchres of their men of renown; and it was the saying of Themistocles, that the monuments he beheld there, would not permit him to sleep. The Appian Way was lined with the monuments of the heroes and sages of Rome. In modern times, the Turkish people are eminent for that respectful care of the places of sepulture, which forms an interesting trait of the oriental character. At the head and foot of each grave, a cypress tree is planted, so that the grave yard becomes in a few years, a deep and shady grove. These sacred precincts are never violated; they form the most beautiful suburbs to the cities, and not unfrequently when the city of the living has been swept away by the political vicissitudes, frequent under that government,

the Grove of Cypress remains,—spreading its sacred shelter over the city of the dead.

In the City of Boston, the inconveniences of the present modes of burial are severely felt, and it is as a becoming appendage, an interesting ornament of the town, that this Cemetery should be regarded. When it shall be laid out, with suitable walks and the appropriate spots shall begin to be adorned with the various memorials, which affection and respect may erect to the departed, what object in or near Boston will be equally attractive? What would sooner arrest the attention of the stranger; whither would a man of reflection and serious temper sooner direct his steps? Had such a Cemetery, with prophetic forethought of posterity, been laid out in the first settlement of the country, and all our venerated dead,—the eminent in church and state—been deposited side by side, with plain but enduring monuments, it would possess already an interest of the most elevated and affecting character. Such a place of deposit is *Père la Chaise* near Paris, which has already become a spot of the greatest interest and attraction, furnishing the model to similar establishments in various parts of Europe, and well deserving to be had in view, in that which is in contemplation here.

The vicinity of our venerable University suggests an interesting train of associations, connected with this spot. It has ever been the favorite resort of the students. There are hundreds now living, who have passed some of the happiest hours of the happiest period of their lives, beneath the shade of the trees in this secluded forest. It will become the place of burial for the University. Here will the dust of the young men, who

may be cut off before their academic course is run, be laid by their classmates. Here will be deposited those who may die in the offices of instruction and government. Nor is it impossible, that the several class associations, which form a beautiful feature of our college life, may each appropriate to themselves a lot, where such of their brethren as may desire it, may be brought back to be deposited in the soil of the spot where they passed their early years.

The establishment contemplated will afford the means of paying a tribute of respect, by a monumental erection, to the names and memory of great and good men, whenever or wherever they have died. Its summit may be consecrated to Washington, by a Cenotaph inscribed with his name. Public sentiment will often delight in these tributes of respect, and the place may gradually become the honorary mausoleum for the distinguished sons of Massachusetts.

This design, though but recently made public, has been long in contemplation; and, as is believed, has been favored with unusual approbation. It has drawn forth much unsolicited and earnest concurrence. It has touched a chord of sympathy, which vibrates in every heart. Let us take an affectionate and pious care of our dead;—let us turn to some good account, in softening and humanizing the public feeling, that sentiment of tenderness toward the departed, which is natural and ineradicable in man. Let us employ some of the superfluous wealth now often expended in luxury worse than useless, in rendering the place where our beloved friends repose, decent, attractive, and grateful at once to the eye and the heart."

In June, 1831, the protection of the Commonwealth being deemed necessary to the proper management of the enterprise of the Horticultural Society, the following Act was applied for and obtained:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one.

AN ACT, in addition to an Act entitled, "An Act to incorporate the MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY."

SECTION I. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That the Massachusetts Horticultural Society be, and hereby are, authorized, in addition to the powers already conferred on them, to dedicate and appropriate any part of the real estate now owned or hereafter to be purchased by them, as and for a Rural Cemetery or Burying Ground, and for the erection of Tombs, Cenotaphs, or other Monuments, for, or in memory of the dead; and for this purpose, to lay out the same in suitable lots or other subdivisions, for family, and other burying places; and to plant and embellish the same with shrubbery, flowers, trees, walks, and other rural ornaments, and to enclose and divide the same with proper walls and enclosures, and to make and annex thereto other suitable appendages and conveniences as the Society shall from time to time deem expedient. And whenever the said Society shall so lay out and appropriate any of their real estate for a Cemetery or Burying Ground, as aforesaid, the same shall be deemed a perpetual dedication thereof for the purposes

aforesaid; and the real estate so dedicated shall be forever held by the said Society in trust for such purposes, and for none other. And the said Society, shall have authority to grant and convey to any person or persons the sole and exclusive right of burial, and of erecting Tombs, Cenotaphs, and other Monuments, in any such designated lots and subdivisions, upon such terms and conditions, and subject to such regulations as the said Society shall by their by-laws and regulations prescribe. And every right so granted and conveyed shall be held for the purposes aforesaid, and for none other, as real estate, by the proprietor or proprietors thereof, and shall not be subject to attachment or execution.

Section II. *Be it further enacted*, That for the purposes of this Act, the said Society shall be, and hereby are authorized to purchase and hold any real estate not exceeding ten thousand dollars in value, in addition to the real estate which they are now by law authorized to purchase and hold. And to enable the said Society more effectually to carry the plan aforesaid into effect, and to provide funds for the same, the said Society shall be, and hereby are authorized to open subscription books, upon such terms, conditions, and regulations as the said Society shall prescribe, which shall be deemed fundamental and perpetual articles between the said Society and the subscribers. And every person, who shall become a subscriber in conformity thereto, shall be deemed a member for life of the said Society without the payment of any other assessment whatsoever, and shall moreover be entitled, in fee simple, to the sole and exclusive right of using, as a place of

burial, and of erecting Tombs, Cenotaphs, and other Monuments in such lot or subdivision of such Cemetery or Burying Ground, as shall in conformity to such fundamental articles be assigned to him.

SECTION III. *Be it further enacted*, That the President of the said Society shall have authority to call any special meeting or meetings of the said Society at such time and place as he shall direct, for the purpose of carrying into effect any or all the purposes of this Act, or any other purposes within the purview or the original Act to which this Act is in addition.

In House of Representatives, June 22d, 1831. Passed to be enacted.

WILLIAM B. CALHOUN, *Speaker.*

In Senate, June 23d, 1831. Passed to be enacted.

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, *President.*

June 23d, 1831. Approved.

LEVI LINCOLN.

A true Copy. Attest,

EDWARD D. BANGS,

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

At a meeting of subscribers called August 3d, 1831, it appeared that the subscription had become obligatory, according to the program above stated, by the taking of a hundred lots. In fact, the paper was filled up to a much greater extent than was either required or expected, as may be seen by reference to the original

document;* a result which, it may be proper to say, was in a very considerable degree owing to the zealous efforts of one individual, the late Mr. Josiah P. Bradlee, who engaged in this enterprise with his characteristic spirit. Nor is it but just to add that he was most efficiently aided by others. The following gentlemen were now chosen to constitute a "Garden and Cemetery Committee:" Messrs. Joseph Story, H. A. S. Dearborn, Jacob Bigelow, E. Everett, G. W. Brimmer, George Bond, Charles Wells, Benjamin A. Gould, and George W. Pratt. At the same time, arrangements were made for a public religious consecration, to be held on the Society's grounds.

At a meeting, August 8th, a sub-committee was appointed to procure an accurate topographical survey of Mount Auburn, and report a plan for laying it out into lots. This service was performed subsequently by Mr. Alexander Wadsworth, Civil Engineer.

The consecration of the Cemetery took place on Saturday, September 24th, 1831. A temporary amphitheatre was fitted up with seats, in one of the deep vallies of the wood, having a platform for the speakers erected at the bottom. An audience of nearly two thousand persons were seated among the trees, adding a scene of picturesque beauty to the impressive solemnity of the occasion. The order of performances was as follows:—

* See Appendix, No. II.

1. Instrumental Music, by the Boston Band.

2. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Ware.

3. HYMN,

Written by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont.

To thee, O God, in humble trust,
Our hearts their cheerful incense burn,
For this thy word, "Thou art of dust,
And unto dust shalt thou return."

For, what were life, life's work all done,
The hopes, joys, loves, that cling to clay,
All, all departed, one by one,
And yet life's load borne on for aye!

Decay! Decay! 'tis stamped on all!
All bloom, in flower and flesh, shall fade;
Ye whispering trees, when we shall fall,
Be our long sleep beneath your shade!

Here to thy bosom, mother Earth,
Take back, in peace, what thou hast given;
And all that is of heavenly birth,
O God, in peace, recall to Heaven!

4. ADDRESS,

By the Hon. Joseph Story.

5. Concluding Prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont.

6. Music by the Band.

A cloudless sun and an atmosphere purified by showers, combined to make the day one of the most delightful we ever experience at this season of the year. It is unnecessary to say that the address by Judge Story was pertinent to the occasion, for, if the name of the orator were not sufficient, the perfect silence of the multitude, enabling him to be heard with distinctness at the most distant part of the beautiful amphitheatre in which the services were performed, would be sufficient testimony as to its worth and beauty. Nor is it in the pen's power to furnish any adequate description of the effect produced by the music of the thousand voices which joined in the hymn, as it swelled in chastened melody from the bottom of the glen, and, like the spirit of devotion, found an echo in every heart, and pervaded the whole scene.

Some account of Mount Auburn itself, as it existed at this stage of its history, may with propriety be here introduced. The tract of land which bears this name, is situated on the Southerly side of the main road leading from Cambridge to Watertown, partly within the limits of both those towns, and distant about four miles from Boston. Formerly it was known by the name of Stone's Woods, the title to most of the land having remained in the family of Stones from an early period after the settlement of the country. Mr. Brimmer made purchase of the hill and part of the woodlands within a few years, chiefly with the view of preventing the destruction of the trees, and to his disinterested love of the beautiful in nature, may be attributed the preservation of this lovely spot. The first purchase of

the Society included between seventy and eighty acres, extending from the road nearly to the banks of Charles River. The Experimental Garden commenced by the Association was to have been upon that portion of the ground next to the road, and separated from the Cemetery by a long water-course, running between this tract and the interior wood-land. The latter is covered, throughout most of its extent, with a vigorous growth of forest trees, many of them of large size, and comprising an unusual variety of kinds. This tract is beautifully undulating in its surface, containing a number of bold eminences, steep acclivities, and deep shadowy vallies. A remarkable natural ridge with a level surface runs through the ground from south-east to north-west, and has for many years been known as a secluded and favorite walk. The principal eminence, called Mount Auburn in the plan, is one hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of Charles River, and commands from its summit one of the finest prospects which can be obtained in the environs of Boston. On one side is the city in full view, connected at its extremities with Charlestown and Roxbury. The serpentine course of Charles River, with the cultivated hills and fields rising beyond it, and having the Blue Hills of Milton in the distance, occupies another portion of the landscape. The village of Cambridge, with the venerable edifices of Harvard University, are situated about a mile to the east-ward. On the north, at a very small distance, Fresh Pond appears, a handsome sheet of water, finely diversified by its woody and irregular shores. Country seats and cottages seen in various directions, and those on the elevated land at Watertown, especially, add much to the picturesque effect of the scene.

The grounds of the Cemetery were laid out with intersecting avenues, so as to render every part of the wood accessible. These avenues are curved and variously winding in their course, so as to be adapted to the natural inequalities of the surface. By this arrangement the greatest economy of the land is produced, combining at the same time the picturesque effect of landscape gardening. Over the more level portions, the avenues are made twenty feet wide, and are suitable for carriage-roads. The more broken and precipitous parts are approached by foot-paths, which are six feet in width. These passage-ways are smoothly gravelled, and planted on both sides with flowers and ornamental shrubs. Lots of ground, (containing each three hundred square feet) are set off as family burial-places, at suitable distances on the sides of the avenues and paths.*

The nature of the privileges now granted to the purchasers of these lots by the proprietors, may be learned by reference to the form of conveyance employed.† We have inserted also the names of the hills, foot-paths and avenues, which it was found convenient to adopt.‡ These were laid out by a Committee, of which General Dearborn was Chairman. The Egyptian gateway, which forms the chief entrance to the grounds, was designed by Dr. Bigelow.

The first choice of lots was offered for sale, by auction, Nov. 28th, 1831; the first two hundred being then made purchasable to subscribers on the following conditions:

* The substance of this description will be found in the Appendix to Judge Story's Address.

† See Appendix, No. III. ‡ Appendix, No. IV.

1. Each lot contains three hundred square feet, exclusive of ground necessary to fence the same, for which sixty dollars are to be paid.

2. In addition to said sum of sixty dollars, the sum bid for the right of selection is to be paid, and the bidder is to decide on the lot he will take at the moment of sale.

3. If any subscriber be not satisfied with the lot sold or assigned to him, he may at any time within six months exchange the same for any other among the lots already laid out, if any such remain unappropriated.

4. If any subscriber shall wish to enlarge his lot, the Garden and Cemetery Committee may, if they see no objection, set off to him land for that purpose, on his paying for the same at the rate of twenty cents per square foot.

5. A receiving tomb is provided in the City, and one will be constructed at Mount Auburn, in which, if desired, bodies may be deposited for a term not exceeding six months.

At this sale, the one hundred and fifty-seven lots previously subscribed for, were assigned, at sixty dollars each. The amount bid for the right of selection at the same time, (from twelve dollars to one hundred dollars, each lot,) was $957,50.

Mount Auburn, it is generally well known, is now the property of a separate and distinct corporation, having no connection with the Horticultural Society. This transfer was effected in 1835, and the following Act was that year obtained from the Legislature of the Commonwealth, for the incorporation of the proprietors by themselves:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty five.

AN ACT to incorporate the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same,* That Joseph Story, John Davis, Jacob Bigelow, Isaac Parker, George Bond, and Charles P. Curtis, together with such other persons as are Proprietors of Lots in the Cemetery at Mount Auburn, in the towns of Cambridge and Watertown, in the County of Middlesex, and who shall in writing signify their assent to this Act, their successors and assigns be, and they hereby are created a Corporation, by the name of the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, and they shall have all the powers and privileges contained in the statute of the year One thousand eight hundred and thirty three, Chapter eighty-three.

SECTION 2. *Be it further enacted,* That the said Corporation may take and hold in fee simple the Garden and Cemetery at Mount Auburn, now held by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and any other lands adjacent thereto, not exceeding fifty acres in addition to said Garden and Cemetery, upon the same trusts and for the same purposes and with the same powers and privileges as the said Massachusetts Horticultural Society now hold the same by virtue of the statute of the year One thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, Chapter sixty-nine; and may also take and

hold any personal estate not exceeding in value fifty thousand dollars, to be applied to purposes connected with and appropriate to the objects of said establishment.

SECTION 3. *Be it further enacted*, That all persons who shall hereafter become Proprietors of Lots in said Cemetery, of a size not less, each, than three hundred square feet, shall thereby become members of the said Corporation.

SECTION 4. *Be it further enacted*, That the Officers of the said Corporation shall consist of not less than seven nor more than twelve Trustees, a Treasurer, Secretary, and such other Officers as they may direct. The Trustees shall be elected annually at the annual meeting, and shall hold their offices until others are chosen. And they shall choose one of their number to be President, who shall be also President of the Corporation, and they shall also choose the Secretary and Treasurer, either from their own body or at large. And the said Trustees shall have the general management, superintendence and care of the property, expenditures, business and prudential concerns of the Corporation, and of the sales of lots in the said Cemetery, and they shall make a report of their doings to the Corporation at their annual meeting. The Treasurer shall give bonds for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office, and shall have the superintendence and management of the fiscal concerns of the Corporation, subject to the revision and control of the Trustees, to whom he shall make an Annual Report, which shall be laid before the Corporation at their annual meeting. And the Secretary shall be under oath for the faithful performance

of the duties of his office, and shall record the doings at all meetings of the Corporation and of the Trustees.

Section 5. *Be it further enacted*, That the annual meetings of said Corporation shall be holden at such time and place as the By-laws shall direct, and the Secretary shall give notice thereof in one or more newspapers, printed in Boston, seven days at least before the time of meeting. And special meetings may be called by the Trustees in the same manner unless otherwise directed by the By-laws; or by the Secretary, in the same manner, upon the written request of twenty members of the Corporation. At all meetings, a quoram for business shall consist of not less than seven members; and any business may be transacted, of which notice shall be given in the advertisements for the meeting, and all questions shall be decided by a majority of the members present, and voting either in person or by proxy.

Section 6. *Be it further enacted*, That as soon as the said Corporation shall have received from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society a legal conveyance of the said Garden and Cemetery at Mount Auburn, the Massachusetts Horticultural Society shall cease to have any rights, powers and authorities over the same; and all the rights, powers and authorities, trusts, immunities and privileges conferred upon the said Society, and upon the Proprietors of Lots in the said Cemetery in and by virtue of the first section of the statute of the year One thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, Chapter sixty-nine, shall be transferred to and exercised by the Corporation created by this Act, and the same shall to all intents and purposes apply to the said Cor-

poration, and all Proprietors of Lots in the said Cemetery, with the same force and effect as if the same were herein specially enacted, and the said Corporation substituted for the Massachusetts Horticultural Society hereby.

Section 7. *Be it further enacted*, That any person who shall wilfully destroy, mutilate, deface, injure or remove any tomb, monument, grave-stone or other structure placed in the Cemetery aforesaid, or any fence, railing or other work for the protection or ornament of any tomb, monument, grave-stone or other structure aforesaid, or of any Cemetery Lot, within the limits of the Garden and Cemetery aforesaid, or shall wilfully destroy, remove, cut, break or injure any tree, shrub or plant within the limits of the said Garden and Cemetery, or shall shoot or discharge any gun or other fire-arm within the said limits, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction thereof before any justice of the Peace or other Court of competent jurisdiction within the County of Middlesex, be punished by a fine not less than five dollars nor more than fifty dollars, according to the nature and aggravation of the offence; and such offender shall also be liable, in an action of trespass to be brought against him in any Court of competent jurisdiction in the name of the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, to pay all such damages as shall have been occasioned by his unlawful act or acts, which money when recovered shall be applied by the said Corporation, under the direction of the Board of Trustees, to the reparation and restoration of the property destroyed or injured as above, and members of the said Corporation shall be competent witnesses in such suits.

SECTION 8. *Be it further enacted*, That the Lots in said Cemetery shall be indivisible, and upon the death of any Proprietor of any Lot in the said Cemetery, containing not less than three hundred square feet, the devisee of such Lot, or the heir at law, as the case may be, shall be entitled to all the privileges of membership as aforesaid; and if there be more than one devisee or heir at law of each Lot, the Board of Trustees for the time being shall designate, which of the said devisees or heirs at law shall represent the said Lot, and vote in the meetings of the Corporation, which designation shall continue in force, until by death, removal or other sufficient cause, another designation shall become necessary; and in making such designation the Trustees shall, as far as they conveniently may, give the preference to males over females, and to proximity of blood and priority of age, having due regard, however, to proximity of residence.

SECTION 9. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall be lawful for the said Corporation to take and hold any grant, donation or bequest of property upon trust, to apply the income thereof under the direction of the Board of Trustees for the improvement or embellishment of the said Cemetery or of the Garden adjacent thereto, or of any buildings, structures or fences erected or to be erected upon the lands of the said Corporation, or of any individual Proprietor of a lot in the Cemetery, or for the repair, preservation, or renewal of any tomb, monument, grave-stone, fence or railing, or other erection in or around any Cemetery Lot, or for the planting and cultivation of trees, shrubs, flowers or plants in or around any Cemetery Lot, according to the terms of such grant, donation or bequest; and the

Supreme Judicial Court in this Commonwealth, or any other Court therein having equity, jurisdiction, shall have full power and jurisdiction, to compel the due performance of the said trusts, or any of them, upon a bill filed by a Proprietor of any lot in the said Cemetery for that purpose.

Section 10. *Be it further enacted*, as follows, First, That the present Proprietors of Lots in the said Cemetery, who shall become members of the Corporation created by this Act, shall henceforth cease to be members of the said Horticultural Society, so far as their membership therein depends on their being Proprietors of Lots in the said Cemetery; Secondly, That the sales of the Cemetery Lots shall continue to be made as fast as it is practicable by the Corporation created by this Act, at a price not less than the sum of Sixty Dollars for every Lot containing three hundred square feet, and so in proportion for any greater or less quantity, unless the said Horticultural Society and the Corporation created by this Act, shall mutually agree to sell the same at a less price; Thirdly, that the proceeds of the first sales of such Lots, after deducting the annual expenses of the Cemetery establishment, shall be applied to the extinguishment of the present debts due by the said Horticultural Society on account of the said Garden and Cemetery. And after the extinguishment of the said debts, the balance of the said proceeds and the proceeds of all future sales, shall annually, on the first Monday in every year, be divided between the said Horticultural Society and the Corporation created by this Act, in manner following, namely, fourteen hundred dollars shall be first deducted from the gross proceeds of the sales of Lots during the pre-

ceding year, for the purpose of defraying the Superintendent's salary and other incidental expenses of the Cemetery establishment; and the residue of the said gross proceeds shall be divided between the said Horticultural Society, and the Corporation created by this Act, as follows, namely, one fourth part thereof shall be received by and paid over to the said Horticultural Society, on the first Monday of January of every year, and the remaining three fourth parts shall be retained and held by the Corporation created by this Act, to their own use forever. And if the sales of any year shall be less than fourteen hundred dollars, then the deficiency shall be a charge on the sales of the succeeding year or years. Fourthly, the money so received by the said Horticultural Society shall be forever devoted and applied by the said Society to the purposes of an Experimental Garden and to promote the art and science of Horticulture, and for no other purpose. And the money so retained by the Corporation created by this Act, shall be forever devoted and applied to the preservation, improvement, embellishment and enlargement of the said Cemetery and Garden, and the incidental expenses thereof, and for no other purpose whatsoever; Fifthly, a Committee of the said Horticultural Society, duly appointed for this purpose, shall, on the first Monday of January of every year, have a right to inspect and examine the books and accounts of the Treasurer, or other officer acting as Treasurer of the Corporation created by this Act, as far as may be necessary to ascertain the sales of Lots of the preceding year.

Section 11. *Be it further enacted*, That any three or more of the persons named in this Act shall have

authority to call the first meeting of the said Corporation by an advertisement in one or more newspapers printed in the City of Boston, seven days, at least, before the time of holding such meeting, and specifying the time and place thereof. And all Proprietors of Lots, who shall before, at or during the time of holding such meeting, by writing, assent to this Act, shall be entitled to vote in person or by proxy at the said first meeting. And at such meeting or any adjournment thereof, any elections may be had, and any business done, which are herein authorized to be had and done at an annual meeting, although the same may not be specified in the notice for the said meeting. And the first Board of Trustees, chosen at the said meeting, shall continue in office until the annual meeting of the said Corporation next ensuing their choice, and until another Board are chosen in their stead, in pursuance of this Act.

Section 12. *Be it further enacted*, That the said Cemetery shall be and hereby is declared exempted from all public taxes, so long as the same shall remain dedicated to the purposes of a Cemetery.

In House of Representatives, March 27, 1835. Passed to be enacted.

JULIUS ROCKWELL, *Speaker.*

In Senate, March 28, 1835. Passed to be enacted.

GEORGE BLISS, *President.*

March 31, 1835. *Approved.*

SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG.

A true Copy. Attest.

EDWARD D. BANGS,

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

The amount paid by these proprietors to the Horticultural Society, under the articles of separation, was $4,223,42. The original cost of the land was $9,766,89. The quantity, in all, is one hundred and ten and a quarter acres, a piece having been added, on the west side, to the first purchase. The total cost of grounds and improvements, up to the close of the year last past, is $34,107,57. The whole number of lots disposed of at that date was six hundred and thirty-four, and the amount of purchase-money, including that given for selection, $50,077,59. The Proprietors had funds invested in Treasury to the amount of $11,980,79.

The following is the return of tombs built, monuments erected, and interments, for each year, since the establishment of the Cemetery, ending December, 1838.

					Tombs.	Mon'ts.	Inter'mts.
1st	year	ending	Dec.	8, 1832,	6	5	17
2	"	"	"	1833,	11	12	71
3	"	"	"	1834,	21	16	101
4	"	"	"	1835,	22	38	101
5	"	"	"	1836,	19	17	175
6	"	"	"	1837,	43	21	191
7	"	"	"	1838,	22	16	174
					144	125	830

In the Appendix will be found the present terms of subscription for lots, with other matters of some interest, relating to the economy of the establishment.*

* See Appendix, No. V.

From the number of tombs built, it will be inferred that the taste is a prevalent one, though it seems to admit of some question whether this mode of interment possesses the advantages over the more usual practice which are apparently ascribed to it. It is almost uniformly insecure and temporary at the best, while the nature of the erection makes it impossible to avoid, after a time, some inconveniences, inconsistent with the general good appearance of the Cemetery. These must be understood by those who have visited *Père la Chaise.* On this point, a correspondent of one of the Boston papers some years since, remarks as follows:

"It is a part of the original design of this establishment, though not an obligatory one, that interments shall be made in single or separate graves, rather than in tombs. The abundant space afforded by the extensiveness of the tract which has been purchased, precludes the necessity of constructing vaults for the promiscuous concentration of numbers. It is believed that the common grave affords the most simple, natural and secure method by which the body may return to the bosom of the earth, to be peacefully blended with its original dust. Whatever consolation can be derived from the gathering together of members of the same families, is provided for by the appropriation of lots, each sufficient for a family, while the provision that the same spot or grave shall not be twice occupied for interment, secures to the buried an assurance of undisturbed rest, not always found in more costly constructions.

On the same subject another consideration may be added. It is desired that the place may become beautiful, attractive, consoling,—not gloomy and repulsive,

—that what the earth has once covered it shall not again reveal to light,—that the resources of art shall not be wasted in vain efforts to delay or modify the inevitable courses of nature. It is hoped, therefore, that any sums which individuals may think it proper to devote to the improvement of the place of sepulture of themselves and their friends, may be expended above the surface of the earth,—not under it. A beautiful monument is interesting to every one. A simple bed of roses under the broad canopy of heaven, is a more approachable, a far more soothing object, than the most costly charnel-house."

To the summary sketch here given of the present condition of Mount Auburn, it may be proper to add that it is believed to be the intention of the proprietors, as soon as their funds may allow, to surround the establishment with a wall of stone, in place of the fence now existing. This improvement will doubtless be at once of a substantial and elegant design. Other additions will of course occur from time to time. We take occasion to suggest, meanwhile, the desirableness of donations and legacies to the Corporation, for uses of the description now referred to, on the part of those opulent admirers of nature, and patrons of the arts, who are interested in the decoration of these sacred grounds.

APPENDIX, I.

GENERAL DEARBORN'S REPORT.

When the Massachusetts Horticultural Society was organized, it was confidently anticipated, that, at no very distant period, a Garden of Experiment would be established in the vicinity of Boston; but to arrive at such a pleasing result, it was deemed expedient that our efforts should first be directed to the accomplishment of objects which would not require very extensive pecuniary resources; that we should proceed with great caution, and by a prudential management of our means, gradually develope a more complete and efficient system for rendering the institution as extensively useful as it was necessary and important. Public favor was to be propitiated by the adoption of such incipient measures as were best calculated to encourage patronage, and insure ultimate success.

With these views, the labors of the Society have been confined to the collection and dissemination of intelligence, plants, scions, and seeds, in the various departments of Horticulture. An extensive correspondence was therefore opened with similar associations in this country and in Europe, as well as with many gentlemen who are distinguished for their theoretical attainments, practical information, and experimental researches, in all the branches of rural economy, on this continent, and other portions of the globe.

The kind disposition, which has been generally evinced, to advance the interest of the Society, has had a salutary and cheering influence. Many interesting and instructive communications have been received, and valuable donations of books, seeds, and plants have been made by generous foreigners, and by citizens of the United States. A liberal offer of co-operation has been promptly tendered in both hemispheres, and great advantages are anticipated from a mutual interchange of good offices.

A library of considerable extent has been formed, containing many of the most celebrated English and French works on Horticulture, several of which are magnificent. The apartments for the accommodation of the Society have been partially embellished with beautiful paintings of some of our choice native varieties of fruits; and by weekly exhibitions, during eight months of the year, of fruits, flowers, and esculent vegetables;—by awarding premiums for proficiency in the art of gardening, and the rearing of new, valuable, or superior products;—by disseminating intelligence, and accounts of the proceedings of the Society at its regular and special meetings, through the medium of the New England Farmer; and by an annual festival, and public exhibition of the various products of Horticulture, an interest has been excited, and a spirit of inquiry awakened, auspicious to the Institution, while a powerful impulse has been given to all the branches of rural industry, far beyond our most sanguine hopes.

To foster and extend a taste for the pleasant, useful and refined art of Gardening, the time appears to have arrived for enlarging the sphere of action, and giving

the most ample development to the original design of the Society.

The London, Paris, Edinburg, and Liverpool Horticultural Associations, have each established Experimental Gardens, and the beneficial effects have been conspicuously experienced; and not only throughout England, Scotland and France,—but the whole civilized world is deriving advantages from those magnificent depositories, of the rarest products which have been collected from the vast domains of Pomona and Flora. These noble precedents have been followed in Russia, Germany, Holland and Italy. We also must emulate the meritorious examples of those renowned institutions, and be thus enabled to reciprocate their favors, from like collections of useful and ornamental plants. An equally enlightened taste will be thus superinduced for those comforts and embellishments, and that intellectual enjoyment, which the science and practice of Horticulture afford.

With the Experimental Garden, it is recommended to unite a Rural Cemetery; for the period is not distant, when all the burial-grounds within the City will be closed, and others must be formed in the country, the primitive and only proper location. There the dead may repose undisturbed, through countless ages. There can be formed a public place of sepulchre, where monuments may be erected to our illustrious men, whose remains, thus far, have unfortunately been consigned to obscure and isolated tombs, instead of being collected within one common depository, where their great deeds might be perpetuated and their memories cherished by succeeding generations. Though dead, they would be

eternal admonitors to the living,—teaching them the way which leads to national glory and individual renown.

When it is perceived what laudable efforts have been made in Europe, and how honorable are the results, it is impossible that the citizens of the United States should long linger in the rear of the general march of improvement. They will hasten to present establishments, and to evince a zeal for the encouragement of rural economy, commensurate with the extent and natural resources of the country, and the variety of its soil and climate.

Your Committee have not a doubt that an attempt should be made in this State to rival the undertakings of other countries, in all that relates to the cultivation of the soil. The intelligent, patriotic and wealthy will cheerfully lend their aid, in the establishment of a Garden of Experiment, and a Cemetery. Massachusetts has ever been distinguished for her public and private munificence, in the endowment of colleges, academies, and numerous associations for inculcating knowledge, and the advancement of all branches of industry. A confident reliance is therefore reposed on the same sources of beneficence. The Legislature will not refuse its patronage, but will readily unite with the people in generous contributions for the accomplishment of objects so well calculated to elevate the character of the Commonwealth, and that of its citizens.

The Experimental Garden is intended for the improvement of Horticulture in all its departments, ornamental as well as useful.

The objects which will chiefly claim attention, are the collection and cultivation of common, improved,

and new varieties of the different kinds of Fruits, Esculent Vegetables, Forest and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Flowering, Economical and other interesting Plants, which do not exclusively belong to the \redial department of tillage ;—paying particular atten to the qualities and habits of each ; instituting compa.ative experiments on the modes of culture to which they are usually subjected, so as to attain a knowledge of the most useful, rare and beautiful species ; the best process of rearing and propagating them, by seeds, scions, buds, suckers, layers, and cuttings ;—the most successful methods of insuring perfect and abundant crops, as well as satisfactory results in all the branches of useful and ornamental planting, appertaining to Horticulture.

Compartments are to be assigned for the particular cultivation of Fruit Trees, Timber Trees, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Esculent Vegetables, Flowers, and for the location of Green-Houses, Stoves, Vineries, Orangeries, and Hot-Beds.

For the accommodation of the Garden of Experiment and Cemetery, at least seventy acres of land are deemed necessary ; and in making the selection of a site, it was very important that from forty to fifty acres should be well or partially covered with forest-trees and shrubs, which could be appropriated for the latter establishment ; that it should present all possible varieties of soil, common in the vicinity of Boston ;—be diversified by hills, valleys, plains, brooks, and low meadows, and bogs, so as to afford proper localities for every kind of tree and plant that will flourish in this climate ;—and be near to some large stream or river, and easy of access by land and water ;—but still sufficiently retired.

To realize these advantages, it is proposed, that a tract of land called Sweet Auburn, situated in Cambridge, should be purchased. As a large portion of the ground is now covered with trees, shrubs and wild flowering plants, avenues and walks may be made through them, in such a manner as to render the whole establishment interesting and beautiful, at a small expense, and within a few years, and ultimately to offer an example of landscape or picturesque gardening, in conformity to the modern style of laying out grounds, which will be highly creditable to the Society.

The streams, and parcels of bog and meadow-land may be easily converted into ponds, and variously formed sheets of water, which will furnish appropriate positions for aquatic plants, while their borders may be planted with Rhododendrons, Azaleas, several species of the superb Magnolia, and other plants, which require a constantly humid soil, and decayed vegetable matter, for their nourishment.

On the Southeastern and Northeastern borders of the tract can be arranged the nurseries, and portions selected for the culture of fruit-trees and esculent vegetables, on an extensive scale ; there may be arranged the Arboretum, the Orchard, the Culinarium, Floral department, Melon-grounds and Strawberry beds, and Green-houses.

The remainder of the land may be devoted to the Cemetery.

By means of a more extensive correspondence with eminent Horticulturists it is certain that many valuable, rare, and beautiful plants may be obtained, not only from all parts of our own country, but other regions of the globe, which could be naturalized to the soil and

climate of New England. This can be efficiently undertaken, so soon as a Garden of Experiment is formed, but it would be almost useless to procure large collections of seeds or plants, until we are enabled to cultivate them under the immediate direction of the Society.

Accounts of the experiments which may be made, should be periodically reported and published; and seeds, buds, cuttings, and uncommon varieties of rooted plants may be distributed among the members of the Society, and be sold for its benefit, in such manner as may be found most expedient, to render the garden the most extensively useful in all its relations with the wants, comforts and pleasures of life.

Such an establishment is required for 'collecting the scattered rays of intelligence, and blending them with the science and accumulating experience of the times,' and then diffusing them far and wide, to cheer and enlighten the practical Horticulturist in his career of agreeable and profitable industry. It will powerfully contribute to increase the taste for rural pursuits,—stimulate a generous spirit of research and emulation,—suggest numerous objects worthy of inquiry and experiment,—multiply the facilities of information and the interchange of indigenous and exotic plants,—develope the vast vegetable resources of the Union,—give activity to enterprise,—increase the enjoyment of all classes of citizens,—and advance the prosperity, and improve the general aspect of the whole country.

The establishment of a Cemetery in connexion with the Garden of Experiment, cannot fail of meeting public approbation. Such rural burial-places were

common among the ancients, who allowed no graveyards within their cities. The Potter's Field was without the walls of Jerusalem, and in the Twelve Tables it was prescribed 'that the dead should neither be buried or burned in the City' of Rome. Evelyn states, 'that the custom of burying in churches and near about them, especially in great cities, is a novel presumption, indecent, sordid, and very prejudicial to health; it was not done among the Christians in the primitive ages;' and was forbidden by the Emperors Gratian, Valentian, and Theodosius, and never sanctioned until the time of Gregory the Great. The Eastern Christians do not now inter the dead within their churches. During the age of the patriarchs, groves were selected as places of sepulture. When Sarah died, Abraham purchased 'the field of Ephron, in Machpeiah, with all the trees that were therein and the borders round about, as a burying place,' and there he buried his wife; 'and there they buried Abraham, Isaac, Rebekah and Leah;' and when Jacob had blessed his sons, 'he said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron.' Deborah 'was buried beneath Beth-el under an oak,' and the valiant men of Jabesh-gilead removed the bodies of Saul and his sons from the wall of Bethshon and 'buried them under a tree.' Moses was buried in 'a valley in the land of Moab;' Joseph, in 'a parcel of ground in Shechem;' Eleazer, the son of Aaron, 'in a hill that pertained to Phinehas;' and Manassah, with Amon 'in the garden of Uzza.'

The planting of rose-trees upon graves is an ancient custom: Anacreon says that 'it protects the dead;' and Propertius indicates the usage of burying amidst roses.

Plato sanctioned the planting of trees over sepulchres, and the tomb of Ariadne was in the Arethusian Groves of Crete. The Catacombs of Thebes were excavated in the gorges of forest-clad hills, on the opposite bank of the Nile; and those of Memphis were beyond the lake Acherusia, from which the Grecian mythologists derived their fabulous accounts of the Elysian Fields. There it was supposed the souls of the virtuous and illustrious retired after death, and roamed through bowers forever green, and over meadows spangled with flowers, and refreshed by perennial streams. In the mountains near Jerusalem were located the tombs of the opulent Israelites; and in a Garden, near the base of Calvary, had Joseph, the Aramathean, prepared that memorable sepulchre in which was laid the crucified Messiah. The Greeks and Romans often selected the secluded recesses of wooded heights and vales, as favorable places of interment, or the borders of the great public highways, where elegant monuments were erected, and surrounded with cypress and other ever-verdant trees. Many of the richly-sculptured sarcophagi and magnificent tombs, reared by the once polished nations of Asia Minor, are still to be seen in the vicinity of the numerous ruined cities on the deserted coast of Karamania.

The Athenians allowed no burials within the city. The illustrious men, who had either died in the service of their country, or were thought deserving of the most distinguished honors, were buried in the Ceramicus,—an extensive public cemetery on the road to Thria. Tombs and statues were erected to their memory, on which were recounted their praises and exploits; and

to render them familiar to all, to animate every citizen to a love of virtue and of glory, and to excite in youthful minds an ardent desire of imitating those celebrated worthies, the spacious grounds were embellished with trees, and made a public promenade. Within the Ceramicus was the Academy where Plato and the great men who followed him met their disciples, and held assemblies for philosophical conference and instruction. Connected with the Academy were a gymnasium, and a garden, which was adorned with delightful covered walks, and refreshed by the waters of the Cephisus, which flowed, under the shade of the plane and various other trees, through its western borders. At the entrance and within the area of the garden were temples, altars, and statues of the gods.

The bodies of the Athenians, who had fallen in battle, were collected by their countrymen, and after they were consumed on the funeral pile, their bones were carried to Athens; there they were exposed, in cypress coffins, under a large tent, for three days, that the relations might perform those libations which affection and religion enjoined; then they were placed on as many cars as there were tribes, and the procession proceeded slowly through the city, to the Ceramicus, where funeral games were exhibited, and an orator, publicly appointed for the occasion, pronounced an eulogium.

Even the Turks, who are so opposed to the cultivation of the fine arts, embellish their grave-yards with evergreens. With them it is a religious duty to plant trees around the graves of their kindred, and the burying ground of Scutari is one of the most interesting

objects in the environs of Constantinople. Situated in the rear of the town and extending along the declivity of the Asiatic shore, towards the sea of Marmora, it presents a vast forest of majestic trees; and thither the inhabitants of the imperial city generally resort, during the sultry months of summer, to enjoy the cool breezes, which descend from the Euxine, or are wafted over the waves of the Propontis. Throughout Italy, France and England, there are many cemeteries which are ornamented with forest-trees and flowering shrubs. *Père la Chaise*, in the environs of Paris, has been admired, and celebrated, by every traveller who has visited that beautiful garden of the dead.

In Liverpool a similar burying-ground was completed three years since, and a meeting has recently been held in London for forming one in the vicinity of that city, of a size and on a scale of magnificence which shall quadrate with the wealth and vast extent of the mighty capital of a great nation. Within the central area are to be exact models of the superb temples, triumphal arches, columns and public monuments of Greece and Rome, as receptacles or memorials of departed worthies of the empire.

The establishment of rural cemeteries similar to that of *Père la Chaise*, has often been the subject of conversation in this country, and frequently adverted to by the writers in our scientific and literary publications. But a few years since, a meeting was held in Boston, by many of its most respectable citizens, for the purpose of maturing a plan, and forming such an establishment in the environs of the city. No one can be indifferent to a subject of such deep and universal interest. In

whatever point of view it is considered, who is there, that does not perceive numerous and powerful inducements for aiding in its accomplishment? How consoling and pleasing is the thought that our memories shall be cherished after death; that the spot, where our ashes repose, shall be often visited by dear and constant friends; that they will there linger, to call up the soothing yet melancholy reminiscences of by-gone times; that the sod which covers us will be kept ever verdant; that a magnificent forest will be reared to overshadow our graves, by those truly kind hands which performed the last sad office of affection; that flowers will fringe the pathways, leading to our lowly resting-place, and their fragrance, mingled with the holiest aspirations, ascend to the throne of the Eternal.

To those who mourn, what a consolation to visit the bower-sequestered monument of a much-loved friend, under circumstances and with associations so favorably calculated to revive agreeable recollections of the past; and when those revolting ideas are excluded, which obtrude upon the mind while standing in the usual dreary, desolate and ruinous repositories of the dead.

In the Rural Cemetery the names and virtues of the departed would live in perpetual freshness, and their souls seem to commune with those who come to do honor to their manes. Thus would all like to repose in death; and who would not deem it a blessing, to be able to confer that favor on a parent, child, wife, husband or friend? How can this object be so successfully accomplished as in connexion with an Experimental Garden? That part of the land which has been recommended for a Cemetery, may be circumvallated by

a spacious avenue, bordered by trees, shrubbery and perennial flowers,—rather as a line of demarcation, than of disconnexion,—for the ornamental grounds of the GARDEN should be apparently blended with those of the Cemetery, and the walks of each so intercommunicate, as to afford an uninterrupted range over both, as one common domain.

Among the hills, glades and dales, which are now covered with evergreen, and deciduous trees and shrubs, may be selected sites for isolated graves, and tombs, and these being surmounted with columns, obelisks, and other appropriate monuments of granite and marble, may be rendered interesting specimens of art; they will also vary and embellish the scenery, embraced within the scope of the numerous sinuous avenues that may be felicitously opened, in all directions, and to a vast extent, from the diversified and picturesque features which the topography of this tract of land presents.

Besides the great public advantages which will result from the Horticultural department, that proportion of the land which may be consecrated to the dead, and rendered, like the Elysian Fields of the Egyptians, a holy and pleasant resort for the living,—the whole will present one of the must instructive, magnificent and pleasant promenades in our country. From its immediate proximity to the Capital of the State, it will attract universal interest, and become a place of healthful, refreshing and agreeable resort, from early spring until the close of autumn.

To accomplish these two great objects, it is necessary that a fund should be created, immediately, sufficient

for the purchase of the land, surrounding it with a substantial fence, the erection of a gardener's lodge, laying out the grounds, and preparing them for the purposes of an Experimental Garden and a Cemetery. That this can be done your Committee does not entertain a doubt, and they respectfully recommend the adoption of the following measures as best calculated to insure success.

APPENDIX II.

LIST OF ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBERS.

Samuel Appleton,
Nathan Appleton,
Abel Adams,
James T. Austin,
Zabdiel B. Adams,
Benjamin Adams,
Charles Frederic Adams,
William Austin,
Charles Brown, *Plymouth*,
Joshua Blake,
Jesse Bird,
George W. Brimmer,
Silas Bullard,
Charles Barnard,
Ebenezer Bailey,
Joseph P. Bradlee,
Joseph Baker,
Jonas B. Brown,
John Brown,
Levi Brigham,

George Bond,
Jacob Bigelow,
Charles Brown,
Benjamin Bussey,
Dennis Brigham,
John Bryant,
James Boyd,
Joseph T. Buckingham,
Edwin Buckingham,
Zebedee Cook, Jr.
George W. Coffin,
Charles P. Curtis,
Thomas B. Curtis,
Alpheus Cary,
Josiah Coolidge,
Elizabeth Craigie,
Elijah Cobb,
George G. Channing,
Samuel F. Coolidge,
Joseph Coolidge,
James Davis,
Warren Dutton,
Richard C. Derby,
James A. Dickson,
John Davis,
Daniel Denny,
H. A. S. Dearborn,
George Darracott,
David Eckley,
Alexander H. Everett,
Henry H. Fuller,
Robert Farley,
Benjamin Fiske,
Samuel P. P. Fay,
John Farrar,
Ebenezer B. Foster,
Charles Folsom,
Richard Fletcher,
Francis C. Gray,
John C. Gray,
Benjamin B. Grant,
Benjamin A. Gould,
Oliver Hastings,
Thomas Hastings,
Charles Hickling,
Zelotes Hosmer,
Daniel Henchman,
Elisha Haskell,
Abraham Howard,
Enoch Hobart,
Sarah L. Howe,
Zachariah Hicks,
Henderson Inches,
William Ingalls,
Deming Jarves,
Charles T. Jackson,
Joseph B. Joy,
George H. Kuhn,
Abel Kendall, Jr.
Josiah Loring,
Henry Loring,
John Lamson,
Seth S. Lynde,
William Lawrence,

Amos Lawrence,
Abbott Lawrence,
John Lemist,
Francis C. Lowell,
Charles Lowell,
Henry Lienow,
Isaac Livermore,
Isaac Mead,
R. D. C. Merry,
Isaac McLellan,
Francis J. Oliver,
Thomas H. Perkins, Jr.
George W. Pratt,
Isaac Parker,
Samuel Pond,
John Pierpont,
Francis Parkman,
Edward W. Payne,
Josiah Quincy,
Henry Rice,
Ebenezer Rollins,
E. A. Raymond,
James Read,
James Russell,
Henry Robinson,
John Randall,
John P. Rice,
John L. Russell,
James Savage,
James S. Savage,
Lucius M. Sargent,
Isaac Staples,
Charles B. Shaw,
P. R. L. Stone,
Lemuel Stanwood,
George C. Shattuck,
Joseph Story,
Henry B. Stone,
Leonard Stone,
Robert G. Shaw,
Asahel Stearns,
Jared Sparks,
David A. Simmons,
David Stone,
Peter Thatcher,
Joseph H. Thayer,
Supply C. Thwing,
Frederic Tudor,
Charles Tappan,
Benjamin F. White,
Thomas Wiley,
Abijah White,
James Weld,
Samuel Walker,
Rufus Wyman,
Thomas B. Wales,
Samuel G. Williams,
Samuel Whitwell,
George Whittemore,
Charles Wells.

APPENDIX, III.

FORM OF CONVEYANCE.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, in consideration of dollars, paid to them by of the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, do hereby grant, bargain, sell and convey to the said and heirs and assigns one lot of land in the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, in the County of Middlesex, situated on the way called and numbered on the plan of said Cemetery, drawn by A. Wadsworth, which plan is in the possession of the said Corporation, for inspection by the said grantee, heirs and assigns at all seasonable times; the said lot of land containing superficial square feet.

To have and to hold the aforegranted premises unto the said heirs and assigns, forever; subject, however, to the conditions and limitations, and with the privileges following, to wit:

First, That the proprietor of the said lot shall have the right to enclose the same, with a wall or fence, not exceeding one foot in thickness, which may be placed on the adjoining land of the Corporation, exterior to the said lot;

Second, That the said lot of land shall not be used for any other purpose than as a place of burial for the dead;

and no trees within the lot or border shall be cut down or destroyed, without the consent of the Trustees of the said Corporation.

Third, That the proprietor of the said lot shall have the right to erect stones, monuments, or sepulchral structures, and to cultivate trees, shrubs and plants, in the same;

Fourth, That the proprietor of the said lot of land shall keep in repair, at his or her own expense, the land marks of the same, which shall be erected by the Corporation;

Fifth, That if the land marks and boundaries of the said lot shall be effaced, so that the said lot cannot, with reasonable diligence, be found and identified, the said Trustees shall set off, to the said grantee heirs or assigns, a lot in lieu thereof, in such part of the Cemetery as they see fit, and the lot hereby granted shall, in such case, revert to the Corporation;

Sixth, That if any trees or shrubs situated in said lot of land shall by means of their roots, branches, or otherwise, become detrimental to the adjacent lots or avenues, or dangerous or inconvenient to passengers, it shall be the duty of the said Trustees for the time being, and they shall have the right, to enter into the said lot and remove the said trees and shrubs, or such parts thereof as are thus detrimental, dangerous or inconvenient;

Seventh, That if any monument, or effigy, or any structure whatever, or any inscription be placed in or upon the said land, which shall be determined by the major part of the said Trustees for the time being, to be offensive or improper, the said Trustees, or the major

part of them, shall have the right, and it shall be their duty, to enter upon said land, and remove the said offensive or improper object or objects;

Eighth, The said lot of land shall be holden subject to the provisions contained in an act of the General Court, dated March 31, 1835, and entitled "An act to incorporate the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn."

And the said proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn do hereby covenant to and with the said heirs and assigns, that they are lawfully seized of the aforegranted premises, and of the ways leading to the same from the highway, in fee simple; that they are free from all incumbrances; that the Corporation have a right to sell and convey the said premises to the said for the purposes above expressed: and that they will warrant and defend the same unto the said heirs and assigns forever.

In testimony whereof, the said proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn have caused this instrument to be signed by their President, and their Common Seal to be hereto affixed, the day of in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and

Executed and delivered in presence of }

APPENDIX, IV.

AVENUES.

Beech	Avenue	leads	from Central to Poplar.
Cedar	"	"	Cypress to Walnut.
Central	"	"	The Gate to Walnut.
Chestnut	"	"	Mountain to Poplar.
Cypress	"	"	Central to Walnut.
Citron	"	"	Oak to Magnolia.
Elm	"	"	Pine to Pine.
Fir	"	"	Elm to junction of Walnut and Cypress.
Garden	"	"	Maple to Central.
Larch	"	"	Poplar to Maple.
Lime	"	"	Maple to Maple.
Laurel	"	"	Walnut to Walnut.
Locust	"	"	Beech to Poplar.
Magnolia	"	"	Mountain to Maple.
Maple	"	"	Larch to Garden.
Mountain	"	"	Chestnut round Mount Auburn.
Oak	"	"	Magnolia to Willow.
Pine	"	"	Cypress to Central.
Poplar	"	"	Central to Chestnut.
Spruce	"	"	Pine to Walnut.
Walnut	"	"	Central to Mountain.
Willow	"	"	Poplar to Poplar.

FOOT-PATHS.

Alder	Path	leads	from Locust avenue to Poplar avenue.
Aster	"	"	Vine to Ivy path.
Amaranth	"	"	Encircles the Crown of Harvard Hill.
Almond	"	"	Indian-ridge to Indian-ridge.
Aloe	"	"	Indian-ridge to Lime avenue.
Azalia	"	"	Spruce avenue to Spruce.
Catalpa	"	"	Indian-ridge to the same.
Clematis	"	"	Magnolia avenue to the same.
Crocus	"	"	Spruce to Fir avenue.
Cowslip	"	"	Spruce to Walnut avenue.
Dell	"	"	Vine to Vine and Ivy paths.
Eglantine	"	"	Fir to Spruce.
Fern	"	"	Mountain to Walnut avenue.
Greenbrier		"	Pine to Fir.
Hawthorn	"	"	Encircles Juniper Hill.
Hazel	"	"	Mountain avenue to Rose path.
Hemlock	"	"	Ivy path to Poplar avenue.
Holly	"	"	Poplar avenue to Ivy path.
Harebell	"	"	Walnut to Trefoil path.
Heath	"	"	Fir to Spruce.
Indian-ridge		"	Larch avenue to Central avenue.
Iris	"	"	Ivy path to Moss path.
Ivy	"	"	Poplar avenue to Woodbine path.
Jasmine	"	"	Hawthorn path to Chestnut avenue.
Lilac	"	"	Indian-ridge path to Willow avenue.
Lily	"	"	Woodbine path to Poplar avenue.
Linden	"	"	Beech avenue to the same.
Lotus	"	"	Magnolia avenue to Clematis path.
Lupine	"	"	Cypress avenue to Spruce.
Mimosa	"	"	Fir to Spruce.

Mayflower leads from Gate by north side of pond to Garden avenue.

Myrtle	"	" Chestnut avenue to Hazel path.
Moss	"	" Ivy path to Laurel avenue.
Narcissus	"	" Willow avenue to Alder and Catalpa paths, around Forest pond.
Olive	"	" Myrtle path to Sweetbrier path.
Osier	"	" Indian-ridge path to Willow avenue.
Orange	"	" Walnut avenue to the same.
Primrose	"	" Mayflower, south of Garden pond.
Pilgrim	"	" Walnut avenue to Spruce.
Rose	"	" Encircles Harvard Hill.
Rosemary	"	" Jasmine to Hawthorn path.
Sumac	"	" Moss path to Violet path.
Sweetbrier		" Chestnut avenue to Hawthorn path.
Snowberry		" Central to Pine avenue.
Sorrel	"	" Fir to Spruce.
Sedge	"	" Fir to Heath.
Trefoil	"	" Spruce to Orange.
Tulip	"	" Trefoil to Walnut.
Thistle	"	" Spruce to Cowslip.
Violet	"	" Walnut avenue to Ivy path.
Vine	"	" Moss path to Iris path.
Woodbine		" Hawthorn path round Cedar hill.
Yarrow	"	" Greenbrier to Fir.

HILLS

Mount Auburn,
Harvard hill,
Temple hill,
Juniper hill.
Cedar hill,
Pine hill,
Laurel hill.

APPENDIX, V

OFFICERS OF THE CORPORATION.

JOSEPH STORY, *President.*
GEORGE BOND, *Treasurer,* Office 9 Kilby Street.
B. R. CURTIS, *Secretary,* Office 16 Court Street.

TRUSTEES.

SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG,
JACOB BIGELOW,
GEORGE BOND,
MARTIN BRIMMER,
CHARLES P. CURTIS,
BENJAMIN R. CURTIS,
BENJAMIN A. GOULD,
ISAAC PARKER,
JAMES READ,
JOSEPH STORY.

COMMITTEE ON LOTS.

GEORGE BOND, JACOB BIGELOW, CHARLES P. CURTIS.
Superintendent, JAMES W. RUSSELL.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The price of a lot of 300 superficial feet is Eighty Dollars, and in proportion for a larger lot.

Selections may be made on the following terms, and

the person who first reports his selection to the Secretary, is entitled to a preference, to wit:

1. From any lots numbered 1 to 350 inclusive and unsold, (a choice from these having been offered by auction) at par.

2. From the remaining lots laid out and unsold, on payment of Ten Dollars.

3. From any other part of the Cemetery, on the payment of Twenty Dollars.

Provided however, that in all cases the approbation of the Committee on lots shall be required, before any lot shall be laid out or enlarged.

Any Proprietor who exchanges his lot, shall pay therefor the sum then chargeable by the Regulations, for the right of selection; provided however, that in no case shall he pay less than Ten Dollars.

One dollar is payable to the Secretary for making and recording each deed, and the same for each transfer of a lot.

Conditions, limitations, and privileges to which every lot is subject by the deed of the Corporation, to wit:

First. The Proprietor of the lot shall have a right to enclose the same with a wall or fence, not exceeding one foot in thickness, which may be placed on the adjoining land of the Corporation exterior to the said lot.

Second. The said lot shall not be used for any other purpose than as a place of burial for the dead, and no trees within the lot or border shall be cut down or

destroyed, without the consent of the Trustees of the said Corporation.

Third. The Proprietor of the said lot shall have the right to erect stones, monuments, or sepulchral structures, and to cultivate trees, shrubs and plants in the same.

Fourth. The Proprietor of the said lot shall keep in repair, at his or her own expense, the land-marks of the same, which shall be erected by the Corporation.

Fifth. If the land-marks and boundaries of the said lot shall be effaced so that the said lot cannot with reasonable diligence be found and identified, the said Trustees shall set off, to the said grantee, his or her heirs or assigns, a lot in lieu thereof, in such part of the Cemetery as they see fit, and the lot hereby granted shall, in such case, revert to the Corporation.

Sixth. If any trees or shrubs situated in said lot, shall, by means of their roots, branches, or otherwise, become detrimental to the adjacent lots or avenues, or dangerous or inconvenient to passengers, it shall be the duty of the said Trustees, for the time being, and they shall have the right, to enter into the said lot, and remove the said trees and shrubs, or such parts thereof as are thus detrimental, dangerous, or inconvenient.

Seventh. If any monument or effigy, or any structure whatever, or any inscription be placed in or upon the said lot, which shall be determined by the major part of the said Trustees for the time being, to be offensive or improper, the said Trustees, or the major part of them, shall have the right, and it shall be their duty, to enter upon said lot, and remove the said offensive or improper object or objects.

Eighth. The said lot shall be holden subject to the provisions contained in an Act of the General Court, dated March 31, 1835, and entitled "An Act to incorporate the Proprietors of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn."

☞ *The Trustees request that all railings or inclosures of lots, may be light, neat and symmetrical,—and that no slabs be placed in the Cemetery unless in a horizontal position.*

PUBLIC LOT ON CYPRESS AVENUE.

This is an enclosure 30 by 90 feet, in which interments may be made on payment of Ten Dollars each.

REGULATIONS CONCERNING VISITERS.

The Secretary will issue to each Proprietor one Ticket of Admission into the Cemetery with a vehicle, under the following Regulations—the violation of any of which, or a loan of the Ticket, *involves a forfeiture of the privilege.*

1. No person is admitted on horseback.

2. No vehicle is admitted unless accompanied by a Proprietor, or a member of his or her *household*, with his or her ticket.

3. No vehicle is to be driven in the Cemetery at a rate faster than a walk.

4. No horse is to be fastened except at the posts provided for this purpose. No horse is to be left unfastened without a keeper.

5. All persons are prohibited from gathering any flowers, *either wild or cultivated*, or breaking any tree, shrub or plant.

6. All persons are prohibited from writing upon, defacing and injuring any monument, fence, or other structure in or belonging to the Cemetery.

7. All persons are prohibited from discharging fire-arms in the Cemetery.

8. The gates are opened at sunrise, and closed at sunset.

9. No money is to be paid to the porter.

10. No persons are admitted on *Sundays* and *Holidays*, excepting Proprietors, and members of their *household*, and persons accompanying them.

The Superintendent has the care of the Cemetery, and is authorized to remove all who violate these regulations, or commit trespasses. Trespassers are also liable to be fined *fifty dollars*.

REGULATIONS CONCERNING INTERMENTS.

The key of the receiving tomb under Park Street Church, is in charge of S. H. Hewes, Esq. Superintendent of Burying Grounds. Office at City Hall.

Printed forms of application for permission to deposite bodies in either receiving tomb, or in any lot, may be had of him, or of the Superintendent of the Cemetery, at the cottage—*without which no interment can be made.*

STORY'S ADDRESS.

JUDGE STORY'S ADDRESS.

My Friends!

The occasion, which brings us together, has much in it calculated to awaken our sensibilities, and cast a solemnity over our thoughts.

We are met to consecrate these grounds exclusively to the service and repose of the dead.

The duty is not new; for it has been performed for countless millions. The scenery is not new; for the hill and the valley, the still, silent dell, and the deep forest, have often been devoted to the same pious purpose. But that, which must always give it a peculiar interest, is, that it can rarely occur except at distant intervals; and, whenever it does, it must address itself to feelings intelligible to all nations, and common to all hearts.

The patriarchal language of four thousand years ago is precisely that to which we would now give utterance. We are "strangers and sojourners" here. We have need of "a possession of a burying-place, that we may bury our dead out of our sight." Let us have "the field, and the cave which is therein; and all the trees, that are in the field, and that are in the borders round about;" and let them "be made sure for a possession of a burying-place."

It is the duty of the living thus to provide for the dead. It is not a mere office of pious regard for others;

but it comes home to our own bosoms, as those who are soon to enter upon the common inheritance.

If there are any feelings of our nature, not bounded by earth, and yet stopping short of the skies, which are more strong and more universal than all others, they will be found in our solicitude as to the time and place and manner of our death; in the desire to die in the arms of our friends; to have the last sad offices to our remains performed by their affection; to repose in the land of our nativity; to be gathered to the sepulchres of our fathers. It is almost impossible for us to feel, nay, even to feign, indifference on such a subject.

Poetry has told us this truth in lines of transcendant beauty and force, which find a response in every breast:—

> For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
>
> On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
> E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
> E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

It is in vain that Philosophy has informed us, that the whole earth is but a point in the eyes of its Creator,—nay, of his own creation; that, wherever we are,—abroad or at home,—on the restless ocean, or the solid land,—we are still under the protection of His providence, and safe, as it were, in the hollow of his hand. It is in vain that Religion has instructed us, that we are

but dust, and to dust we shall return;—that whether our remains are scattered to the corners of the earth, or gathered in sacred urns, there is a sure and certain hope of a resurrection of the body and a life everlasting. These truths, sublime and glorious as they are, leave untouched the feelings of which I have spoken, or, rather, they impart to them a more enduring reality. Dust as we are, the frail tenements which enclose our spirits but for a season, are dear, are inexpressibly dear to us. We derive solace, nay, pleasure, from the reflection, that when the hour of separation comes, these earthly remains will still retain the tender regard of those whom we leave behind;—that the spot, where they shall lie, will be remembered with a fond and soothing reverence;—that our children will visit it in the midst of their sorrows; and our kindred in remote generations feel that a local inspiration hovers round it.

Let him speak, who has been on a pilgrimage of health to a foreign land. Let him speak, who has watched at the couch of a dying friend, far from his chosen home. Let him speak, who has committed to the bosom of the deep, with a sudden, startling plunge, the narrow shroud of some relative or companion. Let such speak, and they will tell you, that there is nothing which wrings the heart of the dying,—aye, and of the surviving,—with sharper agony, than the thought, that they are to sleep their last sleep in the land of strangers, or in the unseen depths of the ocean.

"Bury me not, I pray thee," said the patriarch Jacob, "bury me not in Egypt: but I will lie with my fathers. And thou shalt carry me out of Egypt; and bury me in their burying-place."—"There they buried Abraham

and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah."

Such are the natural expressions of human feeling, as they fall from the lips of the dying. Such are the reminiscences that forever crowd on the confines of the passes to the grave. We seek again to have our home there with our friends, and to be blest by a communion with them. It is a matter of instinct, not of reasoning. It is a spiritual impulse, which supersedes belief, and disdains question.

But it is not chiefly in regard to the feelings belonging to our own mortality, however sacred and natural, that we should contemplate the establishment of repositories of this sort. There are higher moral purposes, and more affecting considerations, which belong to the subject. We should accustom ourselves to view them rather as means, than as ends; rather as influences to govern human conduct, and to moderate human suffering, than as cares incident to a selfish foresight.

It is to the living mourner—to the parent, weeping over his dear dead child—to the husband, dwelling in his own solitary desolation—to the widow, whose heart is broken by untimely sorrow—to the friend, who misses at every turn the presence of some kindred spirit—it is to these, that the repositories of the dead bring home thoughts full of admonition, of instruction, and, slowly but surely, of consolation also. They admonish us, by their very silence, of our own frail and transitory being. They instruct us in the true value of life, and in its noble purposes, its duties, and its destination. They spread around us, in the reminiscences of the past, sources of pleasing, though melancholy reflection.

We dwell with pious fondness on the characters and virtues of the departed; and, as time interposes its growing distances between us and them, we gather up, with more solicitude, the broken fragments of memory, and weave, as it were, into our very hearts, the threads of their history. As we sit down by their graves, we seem to hear the tones of their affection, whispering in our ears. We listen to the voice of their wisdom, speaking in the depths of our souls. We shed our tears; but they are no longer the burning tears of agony. They relieve our drooping spirits, and come no longer over us with a deathly faintness. We return to the world, and we feel ourselves purer, and better, and wiser, from this communion with the dead.

I have spoken but of feelings and associations common to all ages, and all generations of men—to the rude and the polished—to the barbarian and the civilized—to the bond and the free—to the inhabitant of the dreary forests of the north, and the sultry regions of the south—to the worshipper of the sun, and the worshipper of idols—to the Heathen, dwelling in the darkness of his cold mythology, and to the Christian, rejoicing in the light of the true God. Every where we trace them in the characteristic remains of the most distant ages and nations, and as far back as human history carries its traditionary outlines. They are found in the barrows, and cairns, and mounds of olden times, reared by the uninstructed affection of savage tribes: and, every where, the spots seem to have been selected with the same tender regard to the living and the dead; that the magnificence of nature might administer comfort to human sorrow, and incite human sympathy.

The aboriginal Germans buried their dead in groves consecrated by their priests. The Egyptians gratified their pride and soothed their grief, by interring them in their Elysian fields, or embalming them in their vast catacombs, or enclosing them in their stupendous pyramids, the wonder of all succeeding ages. The Hebrews watched with religious care over their places of burial. They selected, for this purpose, ornamented gardens, and deep forests, and fertile valleys, and lofty mountains; and they still designate them with a sad emphasis, as the "House of the Living." The ancient Asiatics lined the approaches to their cities with sculptured sarcophagi, and mausoleums, and other ornaments, embowered in shrubbery, traces of which may be seen among their magnificent ruins. The Greeks exhausted the resources of their exquisite art in adorning the habitations of the dead. They discouraged interments within the limits of their cities; and consigned their reliques to shady groves, in the neighborhood of murmuring streams and mossy fountains, close by the favorite resorts of those who were engaged in the study of philosophy and nature, and called them, with the elegant expressiveness of their own beautiful language, Cemeteries,* or "Places of Repose." The Romans, faithful to the example of Greece, erected the monuments to the dead in the suburbs of the Eternal City, (as they proudly denominated it,) on the sides of their spacious roads, in the midst of trees and ornamental walks, and ever-varying flowers. The Appian Way was crowded with columns, and obelisks, and cenotaphs

* *κοίμετερία*—literally, places of sleep.

to the memory of her heroes and sages; and, at every turn, the short but touching inscription met the eye,—Siste, Viator,—Pause, Traveller,—inviting at once to sympathy and thoughtfulness. Even the humblest Roman could read on the humblest gravestone the kind offering—"May the earth lie lightly on these remains!"* And the Moslem successors of the emperors, indifferent as they may be to the ordinary exhibitions of the fine arts, place their burying-grounds in rural retreats, and embellish them with studious taste as a religious duty. The cypress is planted at the head and foot of every grave, and waves with a mournful solemnity over it. These devoted grounds possess an inviolable sanctity. The ravages of war never reach them; and victory and defeat equally respect the limits of their domain. So that it has been remarked, with equal truth and beauty, that while the cities of the living are subject to all the desolations and vicissitudes incident to human affairs, the cities of the dead enjoy an undisturbed repose, without even the shadow of change.

But I will not dwell upon facts of this nature. They demonstrate, however, the truth, of which I have spoken. They do more; they furnish reflections suitable for our own thoughts on the present occasion.

If this tender regard for the dead be so absolutely universal, and so deeply founded in human affection, why is it not made to exert a more profound influence on our lives? Why do we not enlist it with more persuasive energy in the cause of human improvement? Why do we not enlarge it as a source of religious con-

* "Sit tibi terra levis."

solation? Why do we not make it a more efficient instrument to elevate Ambition, to stimulate Genius, and to dignify Learning? Why do we not connect it indissolubly with associations, which charm us in Nature and engross us in Art? Why do we not dispel from it that unlovely gloom, from which our hearts turn as from a darkness that ensnares, and a horror that appalls our thoughts?

To many, nay, to most of the heathen, the burying-place was the end of all things. They indulged no hope, at least no solid hope, of any future intercourse or re-union with their friends. The farewell at the grave was a long, an everlasting farewell. At the moment, when they breathed it, it brought to their hearts a startling sense of their own wretchedness. Yet, when the first tumults of anguish were passed, they visited the spot, and strewed flowers, and garlands, and crowns around it, to assuage their grief, and nourish their piety. They delighted to make it the abode of the varying beauties of Nature; to give it attractions, which should invite the busy and the thoughtful, and yet, at the same time, afford ample scope for the secret indulgence of sorrow.

Why should not Christians imitate such examples? They have far nobler motives to cultivate moral sentiments and sensibilities; to make cheerful the pathways to the grave; to combine with deep meditations on human mortality the sublime consolations of religion. We know, indeed, as they did of old, that "man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." But that home is not an everlasting home; and the mourners may not weep as those, who are

without hope. What is the grave to us, but a thin barrier dividing Time from Eternity, and Earth from Heaven? What is it but "the appointed place of rendezvous, where all the travellers on life's journey meet" for a single night of repose?—

> "'T is but a night, a long and moonless night,
> We make the Grave our Bed, and then are gone."

Know we not

> —— "The time draws on
> When not a single spot of burial earth,
> Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
> But must give up its long committed dust
> Inviolate?"—

Why then should we darken with systematic caution all the avenues to these repositories? Why should we deposit the remains of our friends in loathsome vaults, or beneath the gloomy crypts and cells of our churches, where the human foot is never heard, save when the sickly taper lights some new guest to his appointed apartment, and "lets fall a supernumerary horror" on the passing procession? Why should we measure out a narrow portion of earth for our graveyards in the midst of our cities, and heap the dead upon each other with a cold, calculating parsimony, disturbing their ashes, and wounding the sensibilities of the living? Why should we expose our burying-grounds to the broad glare of day, to the unfeeling gaze of the idler, to the noisy press of business, to the discordant shouts of merriment, or to the baleful visitations of the dissolute? Why should we bar up their approaches against real

mourners, whose delicacy would shrink from observation, but whose tenderness would be soothed by secret visits to the grave, and holding converse there with their departed joys? Why all this unnatural restraint upon our sympathies and sorrows, which confines the visit to the grave to the only time in which it must be utterly useless—when the heart is bleeding with fresh anguish, and is too weak to feel, and too desolate to desire consolation?

It is painful to reflect, that the Cemeteries in our cities, crowded on all sides by the overhanging habitations of the living, are walled in only to preserve them from violation, and that in our country towns they are left in a sad, neglected state, exposed to every sort of intrusion, with scarcely a tree to shelter their barrenness, or a shrub to spread a grateful shade over the new-made hillock.

These things were not always so among Christians. They are not worthy of us. They are not worthy of Christianity in our day. There is much in these things that casts a just reproach upon us in the past. There is much that demands for the future a more spiritual discharge of our duties.

Our Cemeteries rightly selected, and properly arranged, may be made subservient to some of the highest purposes of religion and human duty. They may preach lessons, to which none may refuse to listen, and which all, that live, must hear. Truths may be there felt and taught in the silence of our own meditations, more persuasive, and more enduring, than ever flowed from human lips. The grave hath a voice of eloquence, nay, of superhuman eloquence, which speaks

at once to the thoughtlessness of the rash, and the devotion of the good; which addresses all times, and all ages and all sexes; which tells of wisdom to the wise, and of comfort to the afflicted; which warns us of our follies and our dangers; which whispers to us in accents of peace, and alarms us in tones of terror; which steals with a healing balm into the stricken heart, and lifts up and supports the broken spirit; which awakens a new enthusiasm for virtue, and disciplines us for its severer trials and duties; which calls up the images of the illustrious dead, with an animating presence for our example and glory; and which demands of us, as men, as patriots, as christians, as immortals, that the powers given by God should be devoted to his service, and the minds created by his love, should return to him with larger capacities for virtuous enjoyment, and with more spiritual and intellectual brightness.

It should not be for the poor purpose of gratifying our vanity or pride, that we should erect columns, and obelisks, and monuments to the dead; but that we may read thereon much of our own destiny and duty. We know that man is the creature of associations and excitements. Experience may instruct, but habit, and appetite, and passion, and imagination, will exercise a strong dominion over him. These are the Fates which weave the thread of his character, and unravel the mysteries of his conduct. The truth, which strikes home, must not only have the approbation of his reason, but it must be embodied in a visible, tangible, practical form. It must be felt, as well as seen. It must warm, as well as convince.

It was a saying of Themistocles, that the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep. The feeling, thus expressed, has a deep foundation in the human mind; and, as it is well or ill-directed, it will cover us with shame, or exalt us to glory. The deeds of the great attract but a cold and listless admiration, when they pass in historical order before us like moving shadows. It is the trophy and the monument, which invest them with a substance of local reality. Who, that has stood by the tomb of Washington on the quiet Potomac, has not felt his heart more pure, his wishes more aspiring, his gratitude more warm, and his love of country touched by a holier flame? Who, that should see erected in shades, like these, even a cenotaph to the memory of a man like Buckminster, that prodigy of early genius, would not feel that there is an excellence over which death hath no power, but which lives on through all time, still freshening with the lapse of ages?

But passing from those, who by their talents and virtues have shed lustre on the annals of mankind, to cases of mere private bereavement, who, that should deposit in shades, like these, the remains of a beloved friend, would not feel a secret pleasure in the thought, that the simple inscription to his worth would receive the passing tribute of a sigh from thousands of kindred hearts? That the stranger and the traveller would linger on the spot with a feeling of reverence? That they, the very mourners themselves, when they should revisit it, would find there the verdant sod, and the fragrant flower, and the breezy shade? That they might there, unseen, except of God, offer up their prayers, or indulge

the luxury of grief? That they might there realize, in its full force, the affecting beatitude of the scriptures: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted?"

Surely, surely, we have not done all our duty, if there yet remains a single incentive to human virtue, without its due play in the action of life, or a single stream of happiness, which has not been made to flow in upon the waters of affliction.

Considerations like those which have been suggested, have for a long time turned the thoughts of many distinguished citizens to the importance of some more appropriate places of sepulture. There is a growing sense in the community of the inconveniences and painful associations, not to speak of the unhealthiness of interments, beneath our churches. The tide, which is flowing with such a steady and widening current into the narrow peninsula of our metropolis, not only forbids the enlargement of the common limits, but admonishes us of the increasing dangers to the ashes of the dead from its disturbing movements. Already in other cities, the church-yards are closing against the admission of new incumbents, and begin to exhibit the sad spectacle of promiscuous ruins and intermingled graves.

We are, therefore, but anticipating at the present moment, the desires, nay, the necessities of the next generation. We are but exercising a decent anxiety to secure an inviolable home for ourselves and our posterity. We are but inviting our children and their descendants, to what the Moravian Brothers have, with such exquisite propriety, designated as "the Field of Peace."

A rural Cemetery seems to combine in itself all the advantages which can be proposed to gratify human feelings, or tranquillize human fears; to secure the best religious influences, and to cherish all those associations which cast a cheerful light over the darkness of the grave.

And what spot can be more appropriate than this, for such a purpose? Nature seems to point it out with significant energy, as the favorite retirement of the dead. There are around us all the varied features of her beauty and grandeur—the forest-crowned heights; the abrupt acclivity; the sheltered valley; the deep glen; the glassy glade; and the silent grove. Here are the lofty oak, the beach, that "wreathes its old fantastic roots so high," the rustling pine, and the drooping willow;—the tree, that sheds its pale leaves with every autumn, a fit emblem of our own transitory bloom; and the evergreen, with its perennial shoots, instructing us that "the wintery blast of death kills not the buds of virtue." Here is the thick shrubbery to protect and conceal the new-made grave; and there is the wild-flower creeping along the narrow path, and planting its seeds in the upturned earth. All around us there breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of a wilderness, broken only by the breeze as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler pouring forth his matin or his evening song.

Ascend but a few steps, and what a change of scenery to surprise and delight us. We seem, as it were in an instant, to pass from the confines of death to the bright and balmy regions of life. Below us flows the winding Charles with its rippling current, like the stream of time hastening to the ocean of eternity. In the dis-

tance, the city,—at once the object of our admiration and our love,—rears its proud eminences, its glittering spires, its lofty towers, its graceful mansions, its curling smoke, its crowded haunts of business and pleasure, which speak to the eye, and yet leave a noiseless loneliness on the ear. Again we turn, and the walls of our venerable University rise before us, with many a recollection of happy days passed there in the interchange of study and friendship, and many a grateful thought of the affluence of its learning, which has adorned and nourished the literature of our country. Again we turn, and the cultivated farm, the neat cottage, the village church, the sparkling lake, the rich valley, and the distant hills, are before us through opening vistas; and we breathe amidst the fresh and varied labors of man.

There is, therefore, within our reach, every variety of natural and artificial scenery, which is fitted to awaken emotions of the highest and most affecting character. We stand, as it were, upon the borders of two worlds; and as the mood of our minds may be, we may gather lessons of profound wisdom by contrasting the one with the other, or indulge in the dreams of hope and ambition, or solace our hearts by melancholy meditations.

Who is there, that in the contemplation of such a scene, is not ready to exclaim with the enthusiasm of the poet,

"Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,
Where a green, grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!"

And we are met here to consecrate this spot, by these solemn ceremonies, to such a purpose. The Legislature of this Commonwealth, with a parental foresight has clothed the Horticultural Society with authority (if I may use its own language) to make a perpetual dedication of it, as a Rural Cemetery or Burying-Ground, and to plant and embellish it with shrubbery, and flowers, and trees, and walks, and other rural ornaments. And I stand here by the order and in behalf of this Society, to declare that, by these services, it is to be deemed henceforth and forever so dedicated. Mount Auburn, in the noblest sense, belongs no longer to the living, but to the dead. It is a sacred, it is an eternal trust. It is consecrated ground. May it remain forever inviolate!

What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene. How much of the future, even in its far distant reaches, rises before us with all its persuasive realities. Take but one little narrow space of time, and how affecting are its associations! Within the flight of one half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise, will be gathered here! How many in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands, and the forsaken of the world, the stranger in his solitary grave, and the patriarch surrounded by the kindred of a long lineage! How many will here bury their brightest hopes, or blasted expectations! How many bitter tears will here be shed! How many agonizing sighs will here be heaved! How many trembling

feet will cross the pathways, and returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their reverence or their love! And if this were all, sad indeed, and funereal would be our thoughts; gloomy, indeed, would be these shades, and desolate these prospects.

But—thanks be to God—the evils, which he permits, have their attendant mercies, and are blessings in disguise. The bruised reed will not be laid utterly prostrate. The wounded heart will not always bleed. The voice of consolation will spring up in the midst of the silence of these regions of death. The mourner will revisit these shades with a secret, though melancholy pleasure. The hand of friendship will delight to cherish the flowers, and the shrubs, that fringe the lowly grave, or the sculptured monument. The earliest beams of the morning will play upon these summits with a refreshing cheerfulness; and the lingering tints of evening hover on them with a tranquillizing glow. Spring will invite thither the footsteps of the young by its opening foliage; and Autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of learning and science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart: the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the selfishness of avarice will be checked; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," will acknowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far, beyond that of fame.

But that, which will be ever present, pervading these shades, like the noon-day sun, and shedding cheerful-

ness around, is the consciousness, the irrepressible consciousness, amidst all these lessons of human mortality, of the higher truth, that we are beings, not of time but of eternity—"that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality"—that this is but the threshold and starting-point of an existence, compared with whose duration the ocean is but as a drop, nay the whole creation an evanescent quantity.

Let us banish, then, the thought, that this is to be the abode of a gloom, which will haunt the imagination by its terrors, or chill the heart by its solitude. Let us cultivate feelings and sentiments more worthy of ourselves, and more worthy of christianity. Here let us erect the memorials of our love, and our gratitude, and our glory. Here let the brave repose, who have died in the cause of their country. Here let the statesman rest, who has achieved the victories of peace, not less renowned than war. Here let genius find a home, that has sung immortal strains, or has instructed with still diviner eloquence. Here let learning and science, the votaries of inventive art, and the teacher of the philosophy of nature come. Here let youth and beauty, blighted by premature decay, drop, like tender blossoms, into the virgin earth; and here let age retire, ripened for the harvest. Above all, here let the benefactors of mankind, the good, the merciful, the meek, the pure in heart, be congregated; for to them belongs an undying praise. And let us take comfort, nay, let us rejoice, that in future ages, long after we are gathered to the generations of other days, thousands of kindling hearts will here repeat the sublime declaration, "Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

MONUMENTS.

Probably one of the first objects of the stranger's attention in approaching Mount Auburn, will be the Egyptian gateway at the principal entrance. Of the design of this we have spoken before. It has met with general favor; but the material has not escaped criticism. Many persons are dissatisfied with even a good wooden imitation of stone; they would like stone itself much better; and we do not hesitate to adopt that opinion. For certain strictures on the inscription which will be noticed over the porch of the entrance, we entertain less respect. "*Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it*," is the verse;—a selection, we need not remind the reader, from the Old Testament, and a happy illustration, it seems to us, (as has been remarked) of the fact that the holy men of old were no strangers to the consolations and hopes of the doctrine of the soul's immortality. It has been said that the inscription has not enough in it of that cheerfulness with which the christian should look to the future, and which the gospel is so eminently adapted to encourage. It appears to us, on the contrary, that the import of these words looks obviously enough to the great distinction, that while the body of man must moulder into dust, his soul shall survive the grave, and live forever.

On another point, the author of an elaborate and beautiful essay in one of our quarterly publications, throws out some intimations, respecting the justice of which there may be various opinions. He suggests that the appearance of cultivated flowers in the enclosure is not at first entirely in keeping with the associations of the place. Every thing that is not indigenous to the spot, seems as though it must be of an unnatural or sickly nature. There may be some reason, he says, for placing a particular flower or shrub at the grave of a friend; but the rearing of flowers for mere ornament, or for any other purpose than the one just specified, seems like life amidst corruption, or the intrusion of art amidst the wildness of nature. Whatever exception may be taken to these strictures by any admirers of floral cultivation, controversy respecting it may well be spared, since the plan of any considerable or conspicuous Botanical establishment, to be connected with the Cemetery, (as the reader of the history of Mount Auburn will have noticed *was* the design,) has, as we understand, been long since abandoned.

One of the most remarkable in every respect of the monuments at Mount Auburn will be likely to attract the visitor's notice—notwithstanding the charms of sweet little Garden Pond which he leaves on his left—before he has advanced far up the principal avenue leading from the gate-way into the midst of the grounds. This is the tomb of SPURZHEIM;—an elegant but plain oblong sarcophagus, erected by subscription, and bearing no other inscription than the simple name.

The location, as well as the beauty of this monument, is well adapted, as it was proper it should be, to attract

GARDEN POND.

SPURZHEIM'S TOMB.

attention. The writer whom we have already quoted thinks there is also something in its situation, between two of the walks, not far from the entrance, to excite in the minds of some a classic recollection, though more perhaps in fancy than in true correspondence with the passage in question;—referring to Virgil's Ninth Eclogue, 59—

"Hinc adeò *media*—est nobis *via;* namq; *sepulchrum*,
Incipit apparere Bianoris."

In the minds of few observers, however, will musings of this nature be uppermost as they contemplate the resting-place of the remains of a man like Spurzheim. All who have made themselves acquainted, even superficially, with the character and career of this distinguished individual will feel, at the sight of the name on the marble, a mingled emotion of admiration and sorrow. Whether they may believe, or not, in the theory of which he was the advocate, they will not deny him the tribute due to those signal virtues, talents, and labors, whose merit was in no degree dependent on either the soundness or success of the system to which he was so much devoted. Of *this*, various opinions are and will be entertained, but not of his professional accomplishments, of his spirit as a philosophical enquirer, or his excellencies as a man. Many undisputed services he rendered also to the cause of science, and to that, at the same time, of humanity at large. He gave, for example, wherever he went, a fresh impulse to just and liberal views of education, and of the vast importance of its general diffusion. In all his studies, in all his pursuits, he aimed, indeed, at the utmost good

of his species. He was a philanthropist, no less than a philosopher,—a lover of his race. Truly was it said of him, at the time of his decease, by one who knew him well—"There was one thing which he thought *most* needful for us, and for all men to learn and study; and another, which of all things he deemed the most important to accomplish or to strive after. If we sum up all that he taught us of the harmony and variety of our physical organization, of the temperaments, the animal, intellectual, and moral faculties, was not all this instruction given for a single object to teach us, or rather, induce us to study, the *nature of man?* And if we think over all he taught of education, of natural morality and religion, we find that the practical end of all his inquiries was the *improvement* and *happiness of man.*"

From the same authority we learn that, being asked what peculiar effect he thought his system had had on his own mind—he said, that without it he would have been a misanthrope; that the knowledge of human nature had taught him to love, respect and pity his fellow-beings. Those, adds this writer, who attended his lectures will never forget how his countenance was lighted up with joy whenever he spoke of a trait of kindness evinced by any being, whether he was looking up at the noble head of Oberlin, or pointing at the skull of a little dog that had been remarkable for his kindly disposition; and how the light of his countenance suddenly changed into darkness, and his voice almost failed him, when with averted looks and hand he pointed at the portrait of the man who murdered his own mother.

That this kindliness was eminently characteristic of

Spurzheim, is well known to all who enjoyed his acquaintance. A warm and wide-embracing benevolence was at the foundation of all his philosophy. His views were intended at least to be practically useful. Nor was it in sentiment alone that this spirit appeared. Spurzheim was not one of those philanthropists whose goodness evaporates in lectures,—who satisfy their consciences and their hearts by talking and writing, and gaining some reputation, and giving an impulse perhaps to other men. His was a character full of energy and execution. He was restless to *do* the good he thought of and talked of. He was anxious for actual reform wherever it was needed, and willing to lead himself in the work, cost what it might. No appeal, indeed, of any description, where the heart was concerned, was ever made to him in vain. "He always," continues his biographer, "chose for himself, in preference, the performance of that duty which required the greater effort and self-denial. It is certainly not going too far if we say that his anxious desire to fulfil his engagements in Boston and in Cambridge, was the chief cause of his death. Though oppressed by indisposition, and contrary to the entreaties of his medical friends, he continued to lecture; and once in his last sickness, he started up with the intention to dress himself, to go to Cambridge. All who have attended his course remember the unwearied kindness with which he was wont to hear and answer any question that was put to him at the close of his lecture by any one of his hearers, even when he was quite exhausted." It is an interesting trait, added in another connection to this account of him, that he never would allow any one

who was truly desirous of studying his system, to be excluded from his lectures by poverty; and was always glad in such a case to give tickets. He intrusted several of his friends, we are told, with a number of tickets for such persons as they knew to be desirous of studying Phrenology, and too poor to attend his lectures; and he added the special request that their names might not be mentioned to him, lest their feelings should be hurt by the favor he had bestowed.

We have alluded to his spirit as a philosophical inquirer. In this respect it may be that justice is not universally rendered him. It was his fortune to encounter prejudice of various kinds. Some, who gave him credit for benevolent intentions, yet considered him almost a mono-maniac, in regard to phrenology at least. This mistake arose from ignorance. Spurzheim was an enthusiast. He could not have endured or encountered a tithe of what he did but for this. A sober enthusiast, however a candid, reasonable enthusiast, he certainly was. As the grand end he aimed at was man's good, so the grand means to that end, in his estimate, was *truth*.

In one of his works he proposes the question, 'What should be the aim of every description of study?' He answers, 'The establishment of truth, and the attainment of perfection;' and he quotes the saying of Confucius, 'Truth is the law of heaven, and perfection is the beginning and end of all things.' Dr. Follen reminds us of the words with which he began one of his lectures: 'I do not want you to believe what I propose to you; I only want you to hear what I have to say; and then go into the world and see and judge

for yourselves whether it be true. If you do not find it true to nature, have done with phrenology; but if it be true, you cannot learn it one minute too soon.'

Of the particular denominational tenets of Spurzheim we are not informed, but his biographer has much to say of the general religious temper of his mind. This was infused, too, into his philosophy as well as his conduct. We are told that the great aim of all his inquiries into human nature, was, to search out the will of God in the creation of man. Obedience to His laws he considered as the highest wisdom, and most expansive freedom. In speaking of theories of man's invention, he remarked, 'We say a great deal, and we think we do a great deal; we would be wise above what is given, and work upon the works of God; but it is all nothing. Thy will be done! The Father is always overlooked. We look to him perhaps amid great trials and on great occasions; but not in smaller things. We say, "they are too little." It is this in which we err. Can anything that concerns his children, be too little for a *Father*?'

It is in every way characteristic of this illustrious man that while he resided in Boston, he spent a great part of his time in visiting our public institutions, our hospitals, prisons, house of industry, churches, and schools. He was also present at the public exhibitions of our university, and showed a hearty interest in every effort at improvement, in individuals and in the community. His heart was with us in every attempt at improving our laws, at keeping up the purity of morals in the community, reforming the vicious, raising the condition of the poor, and particularly in the

education of the young, in which he was desirous of aiding us by the results of his own observation and reflection. At the same time "his modesty and his habits of patient investigation prevented him from judging hastily of what he noticed."

We have been led, almost inadvertently, into these sketches. The subject has a charm in it. It is the contemplation of human nature in its best estate. If any other apology than this were necessary for such a tribute, the reader might be reminded of Spurzheim's celebrity as a public man. Hence no little curiosity concerning him,—a curiosity not always gratified by an impartial statement of facts. Nor can we forget that he came among us an advocate, however mistaken, for great and sacred interests. In these he labored. To these he devoted himself as a victim. We are told that the great exertions which Dr. Spurzheim made during his residence in Boston, proved at last too powerful even for his strong and vigorous constitution, which seemed more energetic in proportion to his labors, while it was actually sinking under them. Besides his course on the anatomy of the brain, which he delivered at the Medical School, he lectured every day, alternately, at the Boston Athenæum, and at Cambridge. His great physical and mental effort during the delivery of his lectures, was obvious from the large drops that rolled down his face, forming a striking contrast with the easy, calm, systematic, persuasive and sportive character of his delivery. But these efforts brought on an exhaustion of his system, which was rendered dangerous by his frequent rides at night, when returning home from his lectures. At one of his last lectures in Boston (the

beautiful discourse on charity and mutual forbearance) while he was diffusing light and warmth among his hearers, he was seen suddenly shivering. From that time his illness increased. He grew more feverish, but he continued to lecture, contrary to the entreaties of his friends, saying, that he would not disappoint his hearers, and that the exertion would help him to throw off his indisposition. From the beginning of his course the number of his hearers had been continually increasing with every lecture; at last he exchanged his lecture-room at the Athenæum for the large hall in the Temple. He had finished his course in this city with the exception of one; and in order to prevent any uncertainty with regard to the place where he was to give his concluding lecture, and desirous of consulting the wishes of his hearers, before he left the hall, he inquired of them, 'In what place shall we meet next time?' He knew not that there was no human voice which could rightly answer that question. He returned from this lecture to his lodgings, not to leave them again.*

And so Spurzheim was destined to end *here* his labors and his life together. There is something touching in the thought of his situation:

No sacred voice of Father-land,
Like home familiar sooth'd his bed,
Nor ancient friend's best welcome hand
Raised his sick head.

From the bright home that gave him birth,
A pilgrim o'er the ocean wave,
He came, to find in other earth
A stranger's grave.

* Follen's Eulogy.

In his meridian blaze of fame,
With mind and heart and courage high,
Man's good his hope,—God's praise his theme,—
He came to die!*

Such was the character of this early and most celebrated occupant of the grounds of Mount Auburn. Of his history it is proper to add something, for the satisfaction of such of our readers as may have been less familiar with it than the inhabitants of this vicinity are presumed to be. And here we shall still be indebted to his friend and countryman, Dr. Follen.

Gaspar Spurzheim was born on the 31st of December, 1775, at Longvich, a village near the city of Treves, on the Moselle, in the lower circle of the Rhine, now under the dominion of Prussia. His father was a farmer,—in his religious persuasion, a Lutheran. Young Spurzheim received his classical education at the college of Treves; and was destined by his friends for the profession of Theology. In consequence of the war between Germany and France, in 1797, the students of that college were dispersed, and Spurzheim went to Vienna. Here he devoted himself to the study of medicine, and became the pupil, and subsequently the associate of Dr. Gall, then established as a physician at Vienna, and whose attention had long before this been deeply engaged in the investigation of what was afterwards commonly known as Craniology, or the doctrine of the skull:—one of the later improvements of Spurzheim was to entitle it Phrenology, or the doctrine of the mind.

* Lunt.

It was at Vienna, in 1800, that he first attended a private course which Dr. Gall had repeated during the four preceding years, in order to explain to a select audience his new theory. The dissection of the brain itself still remained imperfect until 1804, when Spurzheim became his associate, and undertook especially the anatomical department. From that time, in their public as well as private demonstrations of the brain, Spurzheim always made the dissections, and Gall explained them to the audience.

The great interest excited by these lectures roused the fears of the government of Austria; and an imperial decree, which prohibited all private lectures unless by special permission, silenced the two teachers, and induced them, in 1805, to quit Vienna. They travelled together through Germany, explaining their discoveries in the chief universities and cities. Their anatomical demonstrations were regarded with much applause. Their peculiar views on the connection of the external brain with the character met with many opponents. In 1807, they began lecturing in Paris, and large and learned audiences sometimes listened to their expositions. Cuvier is said to have received their system favorably at first, but to have been afterwards swayed by the haughtiness of the First Consul, who had seen with displeasure that the French Institute had awarded a prize medal to Sir H. Davy for his galvanic experiments, and 'at a levee rated the wise men of his land, for allowing themselves to be taught chemistry by an Englishman, and anatomy by a German.'

In Paris the two lecturers began publishing. They remained in that city until 1813. The next year, Spurzheim went over to England, and thence to Scot-

land, lecturing in various places, London included. To Edinburg he devoted seven months, the Edinburg Review having come out very strongly against him. He procured but one letter of introduction for that city, that was to the reputed author of the essay. He visited him, and obtained permission to dissect a brain in his presence. He succeeded in convincing some of his *hearers* of the truth of the results of his researches. A second day was named. The room was crowded, and the result, in a word, was, that the city from which the anathema had issued against phrenology, became the principal seat of it, for there, in 1820, a phrenological society was formed, (at the head of which stands Mr. G. Combe,) and there a phrenological journal still continues to be published.

Spurzheim returned, in 1817, to London, where his doctrine had meanwhile made converts, and where he was chosen Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. During the three years of his residence in England, he published several works on Phrenology. He then returned to Paris, and resumed his medical practice to some extent. There also he married a lady, who deceased only a year or two previous to his visiting America. Meanwhile his publications proceeded. He also visited England again, and then Scotland, in 1828. It is stated that in London (1826) when he *now* lectured, 'not only the large lecture-room of the London Institution, but all the staircases, corridors, and passages leading to it, were filled with hearers.'

It was in 1832 he first saw America, landing in August, at New York, (during the prevalence of the cholera) whence he came on, making a brief stay at

New Haven on the way, to this city, with which he felt already familiar, through a number of Bostonians, whom he had become acquainted with in Europe. He intended to stay in this country about two years, to lecture in the principal towns, then to visit the different tribes of our Indians; and at last to return to Paris. How these plans were frustrated, we have already seen. He died November 10th, 1832, in his 56th year.

The proceedings in relation to his funeral sufficiently indicate the estimation in which his character was held. On the day following his decease a number of his friends assembled to determine what honors should be rendered him. At this meeting, the Hon. J. Quincy, President of the University, in the chair, it was voted, that the arrangement of the funeral obsequies of the deceased, and of the measures proper to be adopted to express a sense of the public loss by the death of Dr. Spurzheim, and the respect entertained by the inhabitants of this city and its vicinity for his talents and virtues, be committed to the Hon. J. Quincy, Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, Hon. J. Story, Dr. J. Tuckerman, Dr. Follen, Professor Barber, Professor Beck, Dr. William Grigg, George Bond and Charles P. Curtis, Esqrs.

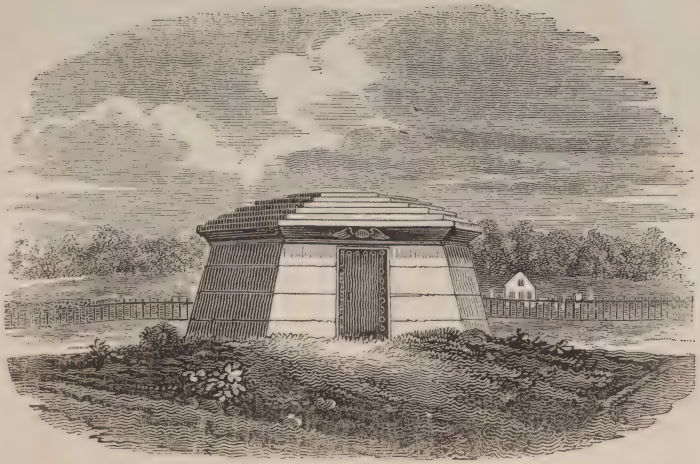
Other committees, of equal respectability, were appointed, including one, consisting of Hon. J. Pickering and three other learned gentlemen, to whom all the papers and other property of the deceased were entrusted. On the 17th the funeral services took place at Park Street Church, and a Eulogy was delivered by Dr. Follen. The remains of Spurzheim were not permanently interred on this occasion, but deposited in the "Strangers Tomb," (belonging to these grounds,) and

the following order taken by the Committee first above named, viz: "That a place for the permanent deposit of the body of Dr. SPURZHEIM be prepared at Mount Auburn, in case it should not be requested to be sent to Europe by his friends and relatives; and that a monument be erected over his tomb; and for this purpose that a subscription be opened among those who are willing to pay this tribute to his memory." Hence the origin of the monument which has detained us so long. We may add that the Medical Association of this city voted to attend the funeral obsequies as a body, and at the same time "resolved," *unanimously*, that, "we view the decease of Dr. Spurzheim and the termination of his labors, as a calamity to mankind, and in an especial manner, to this country."

The following Ode was written for the funeral by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont:—

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet:
All our stricken hearts deplore thee:
Who, that knew thee, can forget?
Who forget what thou hast spoken?
Who, thine eye—thy noble frame?
But, that golden bowl is broken,
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee thither,
To thy mourning Mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
For the charm thy goodness gave,
For the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave?



TREMONT OR STRANGERS' TOMB.

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
  Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man,—of God the servant,
  Advocate of truths divine,—
Taught and charmed as by no other,
  We have been, and hoped to be;
But while waiting round thee, Brother,
  For thy light—'tis dark with thee!—

Dark with thee!—no; thy Creator,
  All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love,—shall give thee greater
  Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
To thy God thy godlike spirit
  Back we give, in filial trust:
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it
  To its chamber—but we must.

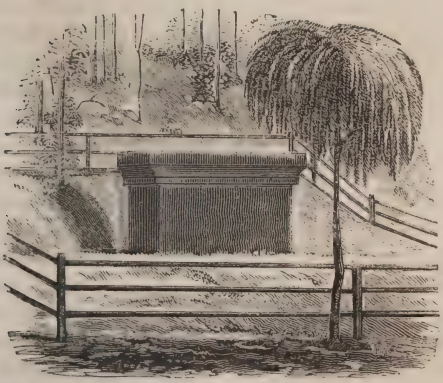
In the immediate neighborhood of Spurzheim's tomb may be seen the monuments of "Benjamin Fiske," and "Gedney King," both on Central Avenue, but before advancing farther in this direction, the visiter will probably be induced to turn aside a moment to notice, at a little distance from the brink of Garden Pond, a plain modest sarcophagus of freestone, with the name of William Gallagher inscribed on it,—well known for a long period in Boston and its vicinity as the Landlord of the "Howard Street House." He died in 1834, and this monument was erected over his remains "by a few friends who, although connected with him by no

FISKE.

GEDNEY KING.

ties of kindred, knew, loved, and honored him." On one side of the stone we read these lines—

"Pause in thy onward way; one resteth here,
Who claims the simple reverence of a tear.
Single in heart, in conduct firm and pure,
Direct in purpose, in affection sure,
He graced, what few can grace, a humble path;—
This sod his body holds, but God his spirit hath."



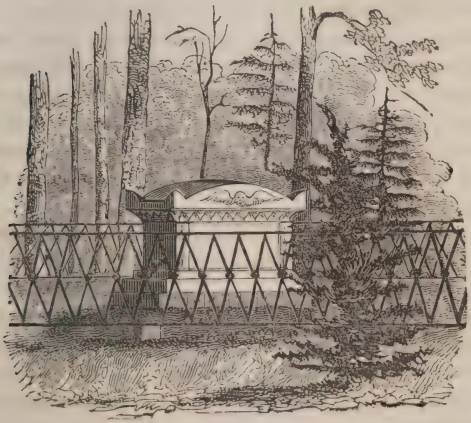
WILLIAM GALLAGHER.

This monument is on the visiter's left as he walks up Central Avenue from the gateway. If he turn aside a short distance into the thin woods on his right,—a comparatively sequestered, but highly attractive part of the grounds,—he will soon find himself in Green-briar Path. Here stands a sarchophagus marked with the

name of "CURTIS," and not far from this it is understood a memorial is about being erected over the remains of one, the late sudden termination of whose useful career demands from us something more than a passing notice.

James Freeman Curtis was born in Boston, the son of a merchant, well known as a member of the firm of Loring & Curtis, one of the oldest in the country. Educated in the Latin School of this city, at the beginning of the last war with England, in June, 1812, being fourteen years of age, he obtained his father's consent to enter the naval service of the United States, and made his first voyage as a Midshipman on board the frigate Chesapeake, which cruised many months under the command of Captain Samuel Evans. In June, 1813, the frigate sailed again from Boston under a new commander, the brave but unfortunate LAWRENCE, and was captured the same day by the Shannon. Mr. Curtis, in that bloody battle, in which the Captain, first Lieutenant, Master, Boatswain, Marine Officer, and an acting Lieutenant, comprising almost all the deck-officers, were killed or wounded, served as *aid-de-camp* to the Commander. He was carried to Halifax, and was one of the officers selected by the British as hostages for the lives of certain Englishmen imprisoned by our Government. Afterwards he served as Midshipman in the Constitution when, under Commodore Stewart, she captured in the same action the frigate Cyane and the Levant; he was sent home by the Commodore second in command of the Cyane, and arrived with the prize at New York. In 1815, after peace with England, he joined the fleet sent, under Decatur, to

chastise the Algerines, then in power in the Mediterranean. His next service of importance was as first Lieutenant of the brig Porpoise, which was ordered to the West Indies to protect our commerce from pirates. Mr. Curtis personally destroyed, by leading his men in boats up a deep lagoon at the imminent risk of his life, one of the most considerable establishments of these miscreants. After these duties were performed he obtained a furlough, and made several voyages to India and Europe in the merchant-service, during which period, as captain of a brig, it fell to his lot to rescue the lives of eight fellow-beings, left in the midst of the Atlantic, their ship having foundered.



CURTIS.

Such was the activity of the youth of Curtis. Nor was it less signal in after years, though, having resigned his commission in the Navy in 1824, (at the time of his marriage) it displayed itself in another sphere of usefulness and duty. His fellow-citizens were familiar with him particularly as Superintendant of the Boston and Worcester Rail Road, in which office he remained till his decease.*

Somewhere in the vicinity of Green-briar Path, it is understood that a monument is to be erected, by the subscriptions of friends, to the memory of the late lamented Thomas G. Fessenden, author of several popular works, and for many years Editor of the New England Farmer.

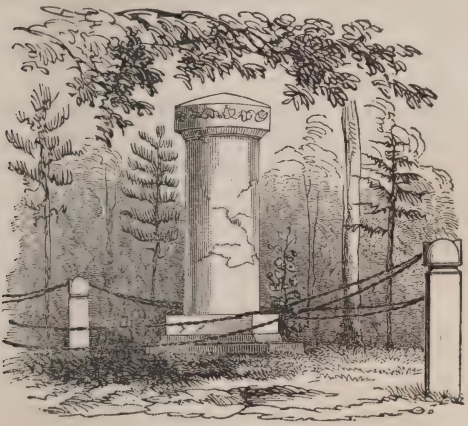
Resuming now our walk up Central Avenue, and passing a monument which bears the name of "Stillman Lothrop," we come to a handsome white marble column on the left, inscribed thus: "To Hannah Adams, Historian of the Jews, and Reviewer of the Christian Sects, this is erected by her Female Friends. First tenant of Mount Auburn, she died Dec. 15th, 1831, aged 76."

On Beech Avenue will be seen a monument erected by "S. F. Coolidge," with the inscription, "The gift of God is eternal life."

On the same Avenue is Dr. J. Bigelow's,—a round unfinished column of marble, with a festoon of olive leaves hung about it near the top; and farther onward two granite obelisks, with the names of "Stone," and "Stephens."

* This sketch is founded on an article in the *Daily Advertiser*.

This brings us to Cedar Avenue, where we find the name of "Melzar Dunbar" on one stone, and that of "Lienow" on another,—the latter an unfinished column, like Dr. Bigelow's.



STILLMAN LOTHROP.

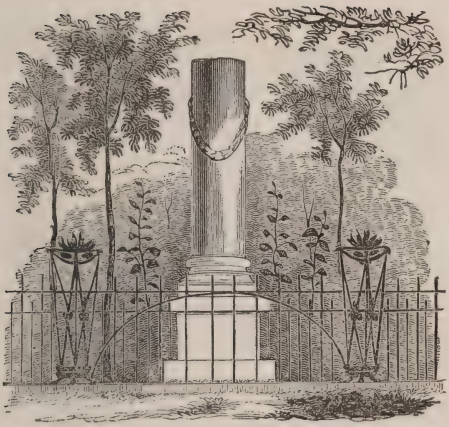
"Peacefully shaded by this oak, sleeps Eliza Ann Lothrop, who died Dec. 7th, 1835, in the 19th year of her age.

Her life was free from guile,
Her trust was in Christ."

On Poplar Avenue, the stranger's eye will be arrested by the monument of "McLellan," railed in (as are many others) with an elegant iron fence. Among the names on the tablets, each side of the door of the tomb

HANNAH ADAMS.

S. F. COOLIDGE.



DR. BIGELOW.

STONE. STEVENS.

LIENOW.

M. DUNBAR.

McLELLAN.

beneath, appears that of Henry Blake McLellan, who died in 1833, at the age of 22, to which the inscription adds that he was "graduated at Harvard University in 1829, commenced the study of divinity at Andover, spent two years at the University of Edinburg, and on the continent of Europe, in the completion of his Studies." He returned home, but a fever closed his life in three months afterwards. The writer of the article on Mount Auburn (already cited) in the Quarterly Observer,* alludes to him in these feeling terms:—

"There is one at rest in his tomb in this enclosure,

* Generally attributed (there can be no impropriety in saying) to the Rev. Mr. Adams, of the Essex Street Church, in Boston, by the influence of whose predecessor, Mr. Green, we may here mention, the professional career of young McLellan was in no small measure directed.

who was known to a large circle of friends, and whose bright prospects were early shut in by death. Having enjoyed every advantage for the improvement of his mind, and of preparation for future usefulness by visiting foreign lands, he returned to the bosom of his family, to die. He came forth as a flower, and was cut down. Here he sleeps in the neighborhood of that seminary where he spent four of the most important years of his life, and in which he formed attachments of peculiar strength, and where he afterwards loved to come and in the spirit of faithfulness and affection converse upon subjects which had assumed an infinite importance in his mind. Should we now express for him the feelings of anxiety upon the subject of religion with which he left college, his convictions that he had not found a satisfactory and permanent resting place for his hopes for eternity, and his subsequent acquaintance with evangelical truth, and the divine Savior who is its distinguished glory and chief corner stone, we should write upon his tomb,—

> "I was a stricken deer that left the herd
> Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
> My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew
> To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
> There was I found by one, who had himself
> Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
> And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
> With gentle force soliciting the darts,
> He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live."

The author of the Memoir of McLellan, attached to the Journal of his Travels in Europe, which was

published soon after his decease, states that not long previous to leaving this country he wrote, in one of his letters, the following passage in relation to the Cemetery at Mount Auburn. It is justly remarked that the coincidence of that passage with the event of his death was certainly striking; and that the sentences possess a peculiar interest, when we remember that he himself was the first member of the family laid to rest in that Rural Cemetery, and that there he is now, according to his own wish, "sleeping his long, cold sleep."

"You speak of the Rural Cemetery at Sweet Auburn. I am pleased with the project. It will undoubtedly succeed. I am happy to learn that father contemplates taking a spot there; with those pleasant places my college days are tenderly connected, *and I would love there to sleep my long, cold sleep.* To such a place there is a permanence which is wanting to the common church-yard; the bodies there deposited rest quietly forever; besides, to such a spot we are led by our best sympathies, to shed tears, or scatter flowers. I am glad too that my dear father is about to make arrangements for our common burial-place, that, as we have been united in life, we may not be separated in death."

The circumstances of McLellan's brief history, and still more his character, possessed such interest for all who knew him, that we feel no necessity of apologizing for borrowing from the memoir mentioned above the following lines, relating to the subject of this sketch. The reader will doubtless trace in them the pen of a writer whose productions have gained for him no little reputation:—

Soon the pale scholar learneth that the star
That lured him onward leadeth to the grave ;
And that full many a dull and sombre stain,
Is with life's gayer tissues deep inwrought.
And thou, my brother, o'er thy human lore
Hast ceased to cast the student's thoughtful eye !
Thou saw'st the sparkles in life's golden cup,
And fain wouldst of its various sweets have quaffed,
But never lived to taste the poison of the draught.

I oft have sat, at that still hour, when slow
From her dim hall, the purple twilight came,
And shut the shadowy landscape from the view,
To mark the picture thy warm fancy drew
Of coming life—its triumphs and its joys.
Alas, fond dreamer, all thy earthly hopes
Are buried low beneath the church-yard stone,
The crumbling mould is now thy narrow bed,
And the tall church-yard tree waves mournfully o'er thy head.

And can it be that on life's flinty way
No more thy happy voice shall cheer me on !
Yes, the kind tones are smothered in the grave ;
The gentle heart hath ceased fore'er to beat ;
The healthy cheek hath lost its ruddy bloom,
And the pale brow hath yet a paler hue ;
The beaming eye is darkened in decay ;
And the pure breath hath left its mortal frame,
As from the extinguished hearth-stone fails the living flame!

Thy parents hoped, through many a long bright year,
To walk with thee adown the vale of time,
And from thy filial love support receive ;
They hoped, around the cheerful winter fire,

To hear thee tell thy foreign wanderings o'er,
By Tweed's green shores, and down the golden Rhine;
They hoped to hear their youthful preacher raise
His suppliant voice within the house of prayer,
And lead unto their God the erring sinners there.

I lately mused beside thy peaceful grave,
In Auburn's sweet and consecrated shades;
'T was Autumn, and a mellow sunset cast
Its trembling smile along the golden woods,
And silence waved her tranquillizing wing.
There rose the beech-tree in its dying pomp,
The maple and the sumach clad in gold,
The sycamore, in princely garments drest,
And the pale silvery birch, kissed by the glowing west.

As there I mused, methought how fit a spot
To rest, when life's brief fitful fever ends!
There can the living stand with chastened minds,
And, in the vast cathedral of the woods,
Pour forth their sorrows o'er the dead around.
As the dry leaves fell thickly round my feet,
They seemed fit emblems of man's dying lot;
And solemn thought of mortal's common doom
Sank deeply in my heart, beside man's silent tomb!

As long I traced the tablet o'er thee raised,
The big tear came unbidden to mine eye,
And thoughts of other times swept o'er my mind.
I thought, dear Henry, of our boyish years,
When life to us seemed all a merry day,
—One round of joy, from morn till closing eve.
Youth's rosy bloom, and childhood's gay delight,
Each careless ramble, and each rural sport,
Thronged in successive crowds, in memory's busy court!

"Friend of my youth! with thee began my love
For sacred song,—the wont, in golden dreams,
'Mid classic realms of splendors past, to rove
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams,"
Now, though thy mortal harp no more shall sound,
Nor yield response to my fraternal strain,
Yet sweet the thought, that, in a better world,
Thy sainted spirit strikes the seraph lyre
In worship of thy God, with all the angelic choir!

On one side of the marble which has led to this somewhat extended notice, is an inscription "To the memory of a much-loved Father, General William Hull, who died at Newton, Mass., Nov. 29, 1825, aged 74 years: also of an only Brother, Captain Abraham Fuller Hull, who fell at the Battle of Bridgewater, Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814, aged 24 years."

Before leaving Poplar Avenue the monument of "Choate," surmounted by an urn, will be noticed. In Oak Avenue we find that of "Prichard." That of "Martha Ann Fisher" is not far distant, on Willow Avenue,—bearing the inscription, "She is not here—she is risen." The two next, on the same Avenue, show the names of "Williams" and "McLeod." On the latter is the verse,

"She pleased God, and was beloved of him,
So that she was translated; yea,
Speedily was she taken away."

And an inscription follows:—"In memory of Harriet D. McLeod, who died June 20th, 1834, aged 19 years, this monument of surviving affection, and of hopes long cherished, and suddenly destroyed on the eve of

CHOATE.

PRICHARD.

MARTHA ANN FISHER.

McLEOD. WILLIAMS.

their fulfilment, is erected, with faith in God, and submission to his will, by her nearest friend:

"She died, and left to me
This spot, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be."

Next in this direction will be seen the monuments inscribed "Cushing" and "Thayer." On the latter is an inscription "in memory of Amasa Thayer, born in Braintree, March 26, 1764, died in Antigua, Oct. 18, 1813; and of Elizabeth, his widow, born in B ..on, May 5, 1760, interred here M· 23, 1834:—

————They meet
To part no more,
And, with celestial welcome, greet,
On an immortal shore."

Following this is the obelisk of "Wyman and Howe," bearing the date of 1834, and the single word, round the base, "*resurgemus.*"

The pannelled monument with plinths, which we now come to, will suggest many reflections similar to those awakened by one already noticed. The *Observer* calls the object of it truly "a young man of talents and great promise." The inscription reads thus:

EDWIN BUCKINGHAM.

Boston Mechanics placed this Cenotaph here.

Born, 1810; died, 1833.

'The sea his body, Heaven his spirit holds.'

The following lines, occasioned by the decease of Buckingham, and the authorship of which is ascribed to Mr. Sprague, appeared, not long after that event, in the New England Magazine, of which highly respectable publication he was a proprietor, as well as the editor of it, in connection with his father, for several years:—

Spare him one little week, Almighty Power!
Yield to his Father's house his dying hour;
Once more, once more let them, who held him dear,
But see his face, his faltering voice but hear;
We know, alas! that he is marked for death,
But let his Mother watch his parting breath:
Oh! let him die at home!

It could not be:
At midnight, on a dark and stormy sea,
Far from his kindred and his native land,
His pangs unsoothed by tender Woman's hand,
The patient victim in his cabin lay,
And meekly breathed his blameless life away.

* * * *

"Wrapped in the raiment that it long must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear:
How eloquent, how awful in its power,
The silent lecture of Death's sabbath hour!
One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid:
The plashing waters mark his resting place,
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;

CUSHING.

THAYER.

WYMAN AND HOWE.

EDWIN BUCKINGHAM.

Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep."

* * * *

Rest, Loved One, rest—beneath the billow's swell,
Where tongue ne'er spoke, where sunlight never fell;
Rest—till the God who gave thee to the deep,
Rouse thee, triumphant, from the long, long sleep.
And You, whose hearts are bleeding, who deplore
That ye must see the Wanderer's face no more,
Weep—he was worthy of the purest grief;
Weep—in such sorrow ye shall find relief;
While o'er his doom the bitter tear ye shed,
Memory shall trace the virtues of the dead;
These cannot die—for you, for him they bloom,
And scatter fragrance round his ocean-tomb.

"Of all the burying places for the dead," says the writer just quoted, "there is no one to be compared to the sea. Such multitudes are gathered together there, that in the apostle's vision of the resurrection, one of its scenes could not fail to be this: 'And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.' The sea is the burying-place of the old world; to them have been added thousands from the new, out of every clime and generation. The loss of a friend at sea, occasions peculiar affliction, not only because of the separation from the sympathy and care of friends in the trying hour, but because the imagination is left to picture distressing events attending the death and burial;—the slowly sinking form; the ship that had paused to leave it in the deep, sailing on; the under-currents taking it into their restless courses, till perhaps it is brought to the shores of its own home, or cast upon

the rocks of a foreign land, or upon some lone island, or sunk to rest at the bottom of the deep, 'with the earth and her bars about it forever.' At the family tomb and the frequented grave, sorrow can make a definite complaint; but to weep through sleepless nights when the storm carries the accustomed thoughts to the sea, which had long detained the expected friend, and now is known to have his form somewhere in its unrelenting holds, is affliction that receives new poignancy each time that the excited imagination presents a new image of distress or terror. But could we divest ourselves of the natural disposition to dwell upon the sad associations of such a burial, we might feel that there is much attending it to awaken sublime and pious emotions. No remains seem to be so peculiarly in the care of God, as those of one that is buried in the sea. The fact that 'no man knoweth of his sepulchre,' leads the thoughts directly to God as the guardian of the dead, and makes us feel that as He only knew his lying down, He has taken him into his peculiar protection. 'The sea is His;' its graves are all before him, and the forms which sleep there are as safe for the resurrection, as any that repose in the monumental tomb."

On the marble marked with the name of "Mason" will be found the following inscription :—

"'I am the resurrection, and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.'

Alfred Mason, born March 24, 1804, died April 12, 1828, at New York. His remains were here deposited Nov., 1835.

James J. Mason, born June 13, 1806, married Jan. 22d, 1835, died June 13, 1835. 'He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.' 'I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.'"

The monuments of "Howard," and of "Cooke and Whitney," are among the last on this Avenue. We copy the inscription of the former, though long, as an interesting illustration of a class of family memorials of a similar description:—

"'We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.' For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.—1 Cor., 15 chap., 51, 53 v.

Here are deposited the remains of Elizabeth Howard, wife of the Rev. Simeon Howard, D. D. She died April 13, 1777, aged 43 years:

Algernon Sidney Howard, youngest son of Simeon Howard, D. D., who died April 19, 1796, aged 19 years:

Simeon Howard, D. D., who died Aug. 13, 1804, aged 71 years:

John Clarke Howard, M. D., first son of Simeon Howard, D. D., who died Aug. 11, 1810, aged 36 years:

Christiana R. S. Howard, youngest daughter of John Clark Howard, who died May 27, 1812, aged 14 months:

James Swan Howard, second son of John Clark Howard, who died June 28, 1814, aged 5 years:

Hepsebah Clark Swan Howard, relict of John Clark Howard, who died Sept. 14, 1833, aged 55 years."

On Locust Avenue the stranger's eye will be attracted by a modest column of free-stone, surmounted by an urn, and bearing, in gold letters, an inscription to the

memory of one with whose name he will probably be familiar. Warren Colburn, the Arithmetician, died in 1833, at the age of forty. "Simple in manners, guileless in heart, educated by his own genius, he has left to the world a new avenue to mathematical science. His friends, that his memory may be honored, and his example cherished for imitation, have erected this monument."

The wide circulation of the standard treatises for schools, particularly those on Algebra and Arithmetic, produced by Mr. Colburn, renders it unnecessary to do more than allude to them. At the same time it is but justice to mention his great zeal in behalf of education at large. Many important improvements in machinery are also due to his ingenuity and scientific research, the fruits of which are especially visible in the manufacturing establishments of Lowell, where he resided, an exceedingly useful and highly respected citizen, about ten years. It is doubtless true to all practical and substantial purposes, as stated in the inscription above quoted, that Mr. Colburn was "educated by his genius." It may be proper to add, however, that he was graduated at Harvard College in 1820. His private character was most exemplary. A writer, about the time of his decease, remarked of him justly, that "his study through life seemed to be to do good."

On Locust Avenue a handsome sarcophagus shows the familiar and ancient name of "Cheever." The inscription reads thus:—

"Bartholomew Cheever was born in Canterbury, County of Kent, England, in 1607; came to America 1637; died in 1693, aged 86.

MASON.

HOWARD.

WHITNEY AND COOKE.

WARREN COLBURN.

Pilgrim Father, one of a handful God hath multiplied into a nation!

Richard, Bartholomew, Daniel, William Downs, Eleanor and Elizabeth, who now likewise rest from their labors, were of the generations who have risen up to bless thy name. Caleb Davis was born in Woodstock, Conn., in 1739, was educated a merchant, resided in Boston; died July 6, 1797, aged 58. He was Speaker to the first House of Representatives under the constitution of the Commonwealth, distinguished alike for piety and patriotism. Eleanor Cheever, daughter of William Downs Cheever and Elizabeth Edwards, was born Feb. 1, 1749-50—married to Caleb Davis, Sept. 9, 1787—died Jan. 2, 1825, aged 75 years. The records of the Boston Female Orphan Asylum, tell of her associated labors in the cause of suffering humanity."

Not far from the tomb of the Cheevers, on Mountain Avenue, the visiter will hardly fail to notice the beautiful plain *cross*, of white marble, which bears the name of "Swett."

"The Strangers' Tomb," already mentioned, appears on Hawthorne Path. This establishment, belonging to the Proprietors of Tremont House, (Boston) was built in 1833, for the interment of strangers who might decease in the Hotel, and intended as a place of either permanent or transient deposit. Its construction is somewhat peculiar. A vault is dug in the earth, of a pentagonal shape, on one side of which are the steps for entrance, and on each of the other four sides are three rows of horizontal cells, three in a row, one above another; making thirty-six cells in all, radiating from the centre.

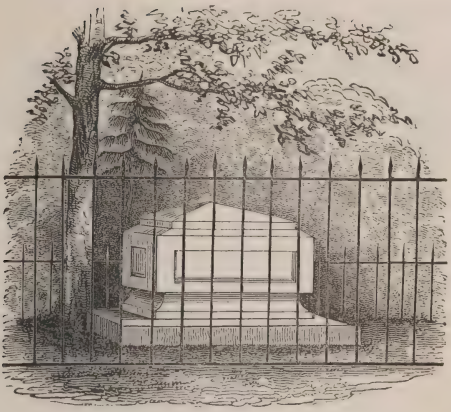
Each cell is seven feet long, two feet broad, and eighteen inches high at the aperture. They are composed of mica slate, and calculated to contain each one coffin of an adult. If the remains are permanently deposited, the aperture of the cell is closed with a marble tablet, bearing the name, &c. of the deceased. A pentagonal building, of Quincy granite, about six feet high, is erected over this spot.

The interments in this tomb have been those of Sidney Hayes of Smyrna, deceased October 20, 1832; and Jasper Macomb, of New York, an officer in the United States Army, deceased December 15, 1833.

On Hawthorne Path also, is the monument of "Z. B. Adams," and not far from this, on Jasmine Path, that of "Hildreth," an elegant ornamented sarcophagus, surmounted by a cross. On Sweet-briar Path are the tomb and obelisk of "George W. Coffin," bearing inscriptions to the Hon. Peleg Coffin, who died in 1805, and to his widow who died in 1838, at the age of 81. The monument of "Andrews," an oblong-square sarcophagus, will be found on Hazel Path; and in the same neighborhood that of "Hoffman," a cenotaph, with an inscription as follows:

"In memory of a beloved and only son. Frederick William, son of David and Mary Hoffman, of Baltimore, Maryland.

His early piety, rare talents, great industry, gentle and graceful manners, endeared him to the aged and the young. His studies in Harvard University were terminated by sudden illness. Accompanied by his parents for Italy, he died at Lyons, France, on the 30th November, 1833, aged 17 years."

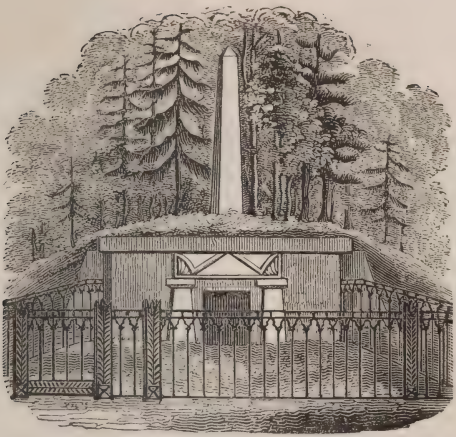


CHEEVER.

SWETT.

Z. B. ADAMS.

HILDRETH.



GEORGE W. COFFIN.

ANDREWS.

HOFFMAN.

JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN.

His remains rest in the vault of his family, in his native place.

On the same Avenue a handsome white marble monument, of somewhat peculiar style, is marked with the well-known name of "JOHN HOOKER ASHMUN," a man of whom much might be said, but the ample inscription (ascribed to the pen of the late lamented Charles Chauncey Emerson) will doubtless be deemed a sufficient notice:—

"Here lies the body of John Hooker Ashmun, Royal Professor of Law in Harvard University, who was born July 3, 1800, and died April 1, 1833. In him the science of Law appeared native and intuitive; he went behind precedents to principles: and books were his helpers, never his masters. There was the beauty of accuracy in his understanding, and the beauty of uprightness in his character. Through the slow progress of the disease which consumed his life, he kept unimpaired his kindness of temper, and superiority of intellect. He did more sick, than others in health. He was fit to teach at an age when common men are beginning to learn, and his few years bore the fruit of long life. A lover of truth, an obeyer of duty, a sincere friend and a wise instructer.

His pupils raise this stone to his memory."

On Hazel Path also will be seen the most sumptuous and costly erection in the Cemetery, the monument of "Samuel Appleton," constructed, in fine Italian marble, after the beautiful model of the tomb of Scipio Africanus, disinterred some years since at Rome. On Ivy path, most of those who see the name of "Francis Stanton," on a plinth, supporting the faustum of a

column and an urn, will scarcely need to be reminded of his virtues even by these few lines:—

"An upright merchant, a useful citizen, a valued friend, died July 30, 1835, aged 50 years. This monument is raised by his associates and friends, who knew his worth and cherish his memory."

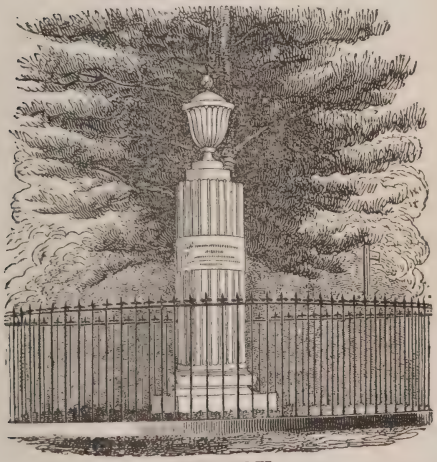
On Vine Path, a monument bears the name of "JOHN MURRAY, Preacher of the Gospel: born in Alton, England, Dec. 10, 1741; died in Boston, Sept. 3, 1815; re-entombed beneath this stone June 8th, 1837.

Erected at the recommendation of the United States General Convention of Universalists."

On Vine Path is a round marble supported by a square pedestal. The name inscribed on it, will call to mind another of that multitude who have been called off from among us in the apparent prime at once of their usefulness and their promise. The inscription makes record only of one, whose decease has been said to have hastened his own—that of his wife, at the age of 20 years;—it still remains that justice be rendered to FREDERIC P. LEVERETT. As Superintending Teacher, for many years, of that important institution, the Boston Latin School, he gained an enviable reputation, and deserved it. Still more, perhaps, his memory as a scholar will owe to some of his school-books. His Latin Lexicon, particularly, merits a place among the first class of works of the kind, wherever produced. We here allude to it specially the rather because it was specially characteristic of the author. His life was identified with this labor, indeed, in a sense worthy of notice. It is said that, after the years which were spent in its preparation

S. APPLETON.

FRANCIS STANTON.



MURRAY.

for the public eye, the last sheet finally went to press on the very morning of Mr. Leverett's decease. The established standing this work has attained throughout this country, and in the highest of our seminaries of education among the rest, is a sufficient evidence of its merit; but it ought to be added that it has done something too—as such works always must do—for American scientific and literary reputation abroad. We agree with one of our principal critical authorities that it reflects honor not only on the persons engaged in its preparation, but on our country; and that we have all "a just right to feel proud that a work so learned, so correct, so elaborate, is the result of American ability and industry, and American enterprise." "Wherever," adds this writer, "the Latin language is studied, and the English language spoken, it will be received with grateful acknowledgments." Thus much of eulogy on a *book* will be excused, by Bostonians at least, for it is in fact a eulogy, and a just one, on a *man;* one which we fear there will not be very frequent occasion to repeat in other cases, renowned as Boston is for its treatises for schools, for the age is not of a character often to produce, in this department, what Leverett's Lexicon has been truly entitled, "a monument of patient toil."

The visiter, in full view of the beauties of "Consecration Dell," will probably now wander into Violet Path, where the monument of "Hicks" will arrest his attention; and into Alder Path, where that of "Wetmore" appears.

That of "J. S. Savage" is seen also in this last-named direction; and then, at no great distance, in one

of the loveliest situations which the grounds afford, the beautiful column marked with the name of "STORY;"—a name never to be mentioned without honor, but especially noticeable to those who have taken a deep interest in the designing and decoration of this Cemetery from its first beginning to the present day. The inscription on this marble runs thus:—

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Caroline, born June, 1810, died February, 1811.
Joseph, born June, 1811, died October, 1815.
Caroline, born April, 1813, died April, 1819.
Mary, born April, 1814, died March, 1815.
Louisa, born May, 1821, died May, 1831."

No comment can add anything to the sad impressiveness of the tale these lines disclose, all simple as they are, did the delicacy of the subject admit of our attempting to make any. We adopt, as an expression more suitable in every point of view, the "Lines on the Death of a Daughter," which appeared not far from the date last above mentioned, and have since been embodied with the miscellaneous works of the distinguished author:—

"Farewell, my darling child, a sad farewell!
Thou art gone from earth, in heavenly scenes to dwell;
For sure, if ever being, formed from dust,
Might hope for bliss, thine is that holy trust.
Spotless and pure, from God thy spirit came;
Spotless it has returned, a brighter flame.
Thy last, soft prayer was heard—No more to roam;

LEVERETT.

HICKS.

CONSECRATION DELL.

WETMORE.

SAVAGE.

STORY.

FAXON.

Thou art, ('t was all thy wish,) thou art gone home.*
Ours are the loss, and agonizing grief,
The slow, dead hours, the sighs without relief,
The lingering nights, the thoughts of pleasure past,
Memory, that wounds, and darkens, to the last.
How desolate the space, how deep the line,
That part our hopes, our fates, our paths, from thine !
We tread with faltering steps the shadowy shore;
Thou art at rest, where storms can vex no more.
When shall we meet again, and kiss away
The tears of joy in one eternal day ?

Most lovely thou ! in beauty's rarest truth !
A cherub's face ; the breathing blush of youth ;
A smile more sweet than seemed to mortal given ;
An eye that spoke, and beamed the light of heaven ;
A temper, like the balmy summer sky,
That soothes, and warms, and cheers, when life beats high ;
A bounding spirit, which, in sportive chase,
Gave, as it moved, a fresh and varying grace ;
A voice, whose music warbled notes of mirth,
Its tones unearthly, or scarce formed for earth ;
A mind, which kindled with each passing thought,
And gathered treasures, when they least were sought ;—
These were thy bright attractions ; these had power
To spread a nameless charm o'er every hour.
But that, which, more than all, could bliss impart,
Was thy warm love, thy tender, buoyant heart,
Thy ceaseless flow of feeling, like the rill,
That fills its sunny banks, and deepens still.
Thy chief delight to fix thy parents' gaze,
Win their fond kiss, or gain their modest praise.

* The last words, uttered but a few moments before her death, were, "I want to go home."

When sickness came, though short, and hurried o'er,
It made thee more an angel than before.
How patient, tender, gentle, though disease
Preyed on thy life !—how anxious still to please !
How oft around thy mother's neck entwined
Thy arms were folded, as to Heaven resigned !
How oft thy kisses on her pallid cheek
Spoke all thy love, as language ne'er could speak !
E'en the last whisper of thy parting breath
Asked, and received, a mother's kiss, in death.

But oh ! how vain, by art, or words, to tell,
What ne'er was told,—affection's magic spell !
More vain to tell that sorrow of the soul,
That works in secret, works beyond control,
When death strikes down, with sudden crush and power,
Parental hope, and blasts its opening flower.
Most vain to tell, how deep that long despair,
Which time ne'er heals, which time can scarce impair.

Yet still I love to linger on the strain—
'T is grief's sad privilege. When we complain,
Our hearts are eased of burdens hard to bear;
We mourn our loss, and feel a comfort there.

My child, my darling child, how oft with thee
Have I passed hours of blameless ecstasy !
How oft have wandered, oft have paused to hear
Thy playful thoughts fall sweetly on my ear !
How oft have caught a hint beyond thy age,
Fit to instruct the wise, or charm the sage !
How oft, with pure delight, have turned to see
Thy beauty felt by all, except by thee;
Thy modest kindness, and thy searching glance;
Thy eager movements, and thy graceful dance;

And, while I gazed with all a father's pride,
Concealed a joy, worth all on earth beside!

How changed the scene! In every favorite walk
I miss thy flying steps, thy artless talk;
Where'er I turn, I feel thee ever near;
Some frail memorial comes, some image dear.
Each spot still breathes of thee—each garden flower
Tells of the past, in sunshine, or in shower;
And, here the chair, and, there the sofa stands,
Pressed by thy form, or polished by thy hands.
My home, how full of thee!—But where art thou?
Gone, like the sunbeam from the mountains brow;
But, unlike that, once passed the fated bourn,
Bright beam of heaven, thou never shalt return.
Yet, yet, it soothes my heart on thee to dwell;
Louisa, darling child, farewell, farewell!"

In the close vicinity of Forest Pond, another of the most charming of those ornaments which it would seem nature had provided with express reference to the present use of these grounds, will be noticed a simple Egyptian pedestal, surmounted by a short obelisk, erected by Mr. "Faxon;" and beyond this a monument, the taste of which is attributable to Professor "Webster," whose name it shows, together with the following records:—

"John R. Webster, obt. 1820, aged 18 months.
Harriet W. Webster, obt. 1833, aged 10 years.
Grant Webster, obt. 1797, aged 80.
John White, obt. 1805, aged 80.
Sarah White, obt. 1807, aged 77.
Elizabeth Davis, obt. 1812, aged 76.
Redford Webster, obt. 1833, aged 72.
Hannah Webster, obt. 1833, aged 67."

The next monument we come to, a plain free-stone pedestal, surmounted by an urn, belongs to a class of which we have already noticed several interesting specimens—those erected by the subscription of friends. They naturally lead us to look for something of rather special interest in the character of the subjects of such attentions; and the case before us is one in which those to whom the name of CLEMENT DURGIN has been familiar will be by no means disappointed in this expectation. The inscription speaks for itself:—

"Associate Principal of Chauncey Hall School, Boston, born Sept. 29, 1802, died Sept. 30, 1833.

A student and lover of nature, in her wonders he saw and acknowledged, and through them adored, her beneficent Author. His life was a beautiful illustration of his philosophy; his death of the triumph of his Faith. His pupils have reared this monument as an imperfect memorial of their grateful affection and respect."

Passing, not far from this monument, one which bears the name of "Thaxter," and another, on Indian Ridge Path, marked with that of "Williams," we come in the same direction to Mr. Bond's, an obelisk distinguished at once by its elegance and its simplicity. No chisel has yet disturbed the marble's surface, else might one perhaps exclaim with the poetess,

> There is a name upon the stone;
> Alas! and can it be the same—
> The young, the lovely, and the loved?
> *It is too soon to bear thy name,*
> *Too soon!*

FOREST POND.

"We would avoid," says the writer for the Quarterly Observer, cited so often, "even an apparent intrusion upon the privacy of grief, but cannot forbear to speak of one who has found a grave in this enclosure, whose person and accomplishments and amiable character, and her endeared relation to a large circle of acquaintances and friends, together with her opening prospects of life and happiness, made her lamented even by those who were comparatively strangers. Some of the circumstances attending the close of her life, well known to many who did not need relationship or intimacy to make them exquisitely touching, gave an affecting interest to the event. Her sudden and mournful removal was like tearing out a slender but far-spreading tendril that had wound itself about beneath a deep and rich vine on the side of a dwelling, and leaving, as it came away, its place of repose disfigured and torn beyond the help of future suns and showers. It seems sometimes that death is commissioned to seek out a victim whose departure, more than that of any other, will mock at the sympathies and endearments which make dying seem, for a season at least, impossible. How like a ruthless enemy, glad, if the sufferings which he can occasion may be aggravated by private and peculiar circumstances, does the last enemy frequently appear!"

The next stone we shall notice would appear to be the joint property of "Fairfield" and "Wadsworth," both which names it shows. Beyond this, on Indian Ridge Path, are those erected by "Nathaniel Francis," "Greenleaf," and "Martin Brimmer." In the same neighborhood we find also one raised to the memory

of David Patterson, a young merchant of Boston, who died at sea in 1834:—

"Erected by his commercial friends and associates as a memorial of their affection and respect for his elevated moral and religious character."

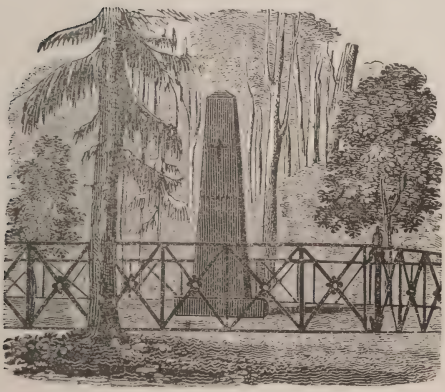
"He sleeps beneath the blue lone sea,
He lies where pearls the deep.
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep."

DAVID PATTERSON.

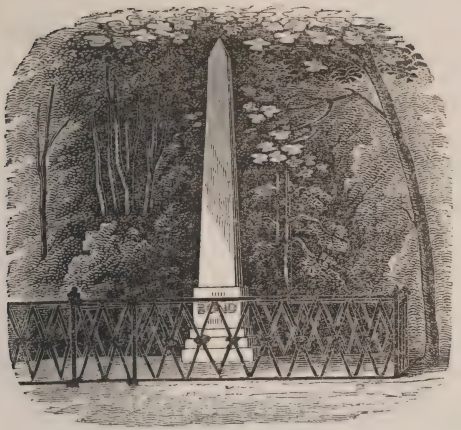
WEBSTER.

CLEMENT DURGIN.

THAXTER.



WILLIAMS.

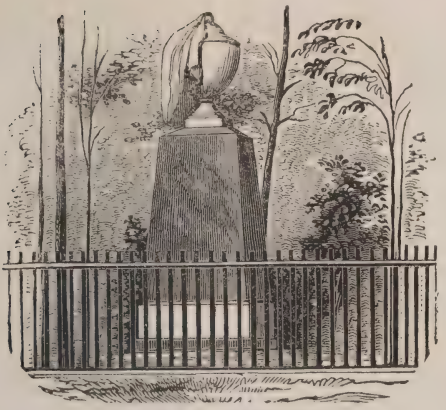


BOND.

FAIRFIELD. WADSWORTH.

NATHANIEL FRANCIS.

GREENLEAF.



MARTIN BRIMMER.

In looking back over this ramble among the monuments of Mount Auburn, we cannot but see how far our sketches must be, at the best, from conveying a complete conception of either the natural beauties, or the artificial decorations of the grounds, to one who has never paid them a visit. We are confined to a selection (instead of a collection) of the monuments, and that upon principles, necessary to the design of this work, but leaving some of the most beautiful of them for the visiter to discover and describe for himself; and besides this, we must leave all the details of minor ornament equally to him. Much might be said in honor of the taste which many of these exhibit; we refer to the style of laying out lots, the fences, hedges, flowers, foliage, and other matters of the kind,

and still slighter ones, not to be described, but by no means to be disregarded. Our engravings, though intended to represent all the principal *classes* of monuments at least, are hardly of a nature—it is not in the power of the art, indeed—to do what may be called poetical justice to these things. They do not even convey the effect of certain arrangements of conspicuous decorations; as, for example, of the family groups of tombs, which, in several signal instances, are reared with reference to each other, and enclosed together. Those of Waterston, Watts, and Hayes, on the charming slope which overlooks Consecration Dell,* are a specimen of this sort; and the monument of Francis Stanton, already mentioned, in the same vicinity, is supported in like manner by those of Messrs. Blake and Hallet. We should commend attention to the general taste of many of the enclosures, but the one which shows the name of "Lawrence," wrought into the gate, merits a special mention.

Some of our readers, who feel an interest other than that of mere strangers in these grounds, may perhaps miss in our descriptions, something which they would gladly have seen noticed. This must needs be so. The humblest stone, the "meanest dust" is justly dear, we know, to some survivor, but we could

* There are several monuments on this part of the grounds to which we should ask attention, did our limits allow of it; that of "Martha Coffin Derby"—belonging, however, to a class represented in the cuts—is among them.

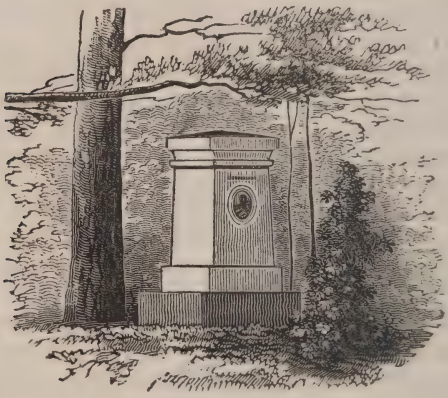
not introduce them all. It is easy to see how the list might have been extended, even by adding only those cases on the surface of which appears some claim to public or general, rather than mere personal interest. The memorial which stands over the remains of the Hon. Edward D. Bangs, Secretary of the Commonwealth from 1824 to 1836, is one of these. Those of Dr. "Gerard Dayers," a Belgian, who, after many years' service in the American navy, deceased at Roxbury, aged nearly 70 years,—of James L. Whittier," (1838) over whose dust, at the age of 21, a marble was raised by his class-mates of Brown University,—of Mrs. "Hannah Atkins," of Boston, (on Willow Avenue) who, born in Cambridge in 1750, was buried here in 1838, at the age of more than 88 years,—these are various illustrations in point.

The monument proposed to be erected to T. G. Fessenden, as we have stated, has been set up (on Yarrow Path) while these sketches were passing through the press, and the following inscription graven upon it:—

"Thomas Green Fessenden died November 11th, 1837, aged 65. This monument is erected by the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, by the Horticultural Society of Massachusetts, and by individuals, as a testimony of respect for the literary talents and acquirements of the deceased, and for his untiring labors in promoting the objects of the above institutions."

Another monument, on which the inscription has been engraven since this description was commenced, is that of "Putnam," on Beech Avenue, a column of

snow-white Italian marble, ornamented with Egyptian emblems on one of the sides, and over-shadowed by one of the finest oaks in the Cemetery. The inscription reads thus:—



JESSE PUTNAM.

"Jesse Putnam, long known as the Father of the merchants of Boston; a distinction not claimed by himself, but accorded by others, in consideration of the intelligence, energy, and integrity, with which, for more than half a century, at home and abroad, he followed and adorned his profession. He died 14th April, 1837, aged 83 years."

"Here, amid scenes familiar to her childhood, and grateful, alike, to her advancing and her declining years, repose, with those of her husband, the remains of Susannah, more than sixty years wife of Jesse

Putnam. Having discharged, with unwearied fidelity and devotion, the duties of this relation, as well as those of a daughter and mother, she sunk into the sleep of death, 'with a hope full of immortality,' 8th April, 1839, aged 84 years."

"His youth was innocent; his riper age,
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm, and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent."

We might well have noticed, while in this vicinity, a monument possessing, for many observers, an interest which forbids our omitting it. This is amply explained by the inscription:—

"Here rest the remains of Rev. Samuel H. Stearns. He was born at Bedford, Sept. 12, 1802; was graduated at Harvard University, 1823; studied theology at Andover; was ordained over the Old South Church in Boston, April 16th, 1834; was dismissed, at his own request, on account of broken health, March, 1836, having preached but three Sabbaths after his ordination. He died at Paris, on his return from Rome to his native country, July 15th, 1837, in the 36th year of his age. Discriminating, tasteful, magnanimous, devout, uniting uncommon eloquence with fervent and confiding piety, he strove for many years against sickness, to be useful in the church. His last hours were characterised by serenity and blissful anticipation. A full believer in the doctrines of grace, he died, as he lived, in the faith of his fathers."

"In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.—*John*, xvi, 33."

SAMUEL H. STEARNS.

The remains of Mr. Stearns were transiently deposited, we believe, in the Cemetery of *Père la Chaise.*

The name in this case reminds us that it is understood some memorial, other than yet exists, will be erected over the remains of ASAHEL STEARNS, of Cambridge, who died in February, 1839, aged 64 years; not unknown in political life, for he was a Member of Congress during one session of that body, but more distinguished by professional ability and success. During two years he was Professor of Law in Harvard University, and for nineteen years he was County Attorney for Middlesex. In 1824 he published

the first edition of a work which gained him great legal reputation,—that on "Real Actions." The writer of an obituary notice of him, in the Law Reporter, giving an account of the origin of this work, states that in the winter of 1824, during the session of the Court at Cambridge, when the Bar were accustomed, more than at present, to spend their evenings together, and when their habits of social intercourse did much to soften the many asperities which the practice of the law seems calculated to call forth and strengthen, Mr. Stearns was one evening lamenting that he had so little to do. It was then vacation in the University; he had but few actions in court, and his time seemed likely to hang heavily on his hands, for several weeks. "I will tell you what to do," was the answer of Mr. Hoar, who was a very intimate friend of the deceased, "you shall write a work on Real Actions." The advice was received with acclamation by all present, and Mr. Stearns immediately commenced the work: he had more than half completed it before the close of the vacation, and it was published in less than six months.

In addition to memorials already referred to as proposed, may be mentioned those which are said to be in preparation for doing honor to Dr. Bowditch of Boston, and Dr. Noah Worcester, of Brighton, the "Friend of Peace," both of them names which speak sufficiently for themselves. The accomplishments, virtues, and services of men like these deserve a conspicuous commemoration, not for their own sake only, or chiefly, but with a view to the world's welfare. "One good deed dying tongueless slaughters a thousand hanging upon that."

END.

MISCELLANIES.

CHURCH-YARD SKETCHES.

BY THE EDITOR.

FEW things have interested me more, in my rambles about the world, and especially over the old countries, than the visits I have made to grave-yards. In *this* country, the traveller, however much his mind may be so disposed, can depend but little on such sources of enjoyment and edification. It is a sad fault of us Americans, that, for the most part, we neglect the dead. We are inclined, *generally*, I know, to disparage external appearances. We have a contempt for ceremonies. We are a hard, practical people, intensely absorbed in business, surrounded by circumstances which accustom us to the livelier kinds of excitement, educated and impelled in every way to undervalue and lose sight of what may be called the graces of civilization. These peculiarities, the evidence and influence of which are plainly perceptible through every department of action and sphere of life among us, are to be

accounted for easily enough;—no explanation need be given of them here. Nor will the reader require to be reminded of the better qualities with which, in the usual order of things, and as a matter almost of moral necessity, they are commonly connected. Still, however, the feeling in question—the want of feeling, I am tempted to call it—must be set down against us as a "fault." Undeniable at least it is, that one of the most attractive and prepossessing of all the minor virtues of a community,—the gentler graces I have spoken of as neglected by ourselves—is a thoughtful and tender care for the departed. I will not enlarge on this subject, so far as *we* are concerned. Much, in illustration of my meaning, and in confirmation of the justice of these general strictures, might be said concerning the condition in which the grave-yards of this country are too frequently kept;—of their repulsiveness in too many cases, of their unattractiveness in almost all. But the details would be sadly disagreeable; and if, in the course of these sketches of mine, I can hope to suggest to any mind any impression which may help ever so little to improve the state of things I refer to, I trust that what has already been said directly to the purpose, with the allusions which may occur in the sequel, will be sufficient for the end. I bear in mind, too, that an improvement is already going on. We are not, in our mortuary observances, quite so heathenish as we have been;—so *Turkish*, I was going to say, but that would be a libel which a comparatively amiable people do not deserve;—so altogether "practical,"—that is the American version of this characteristic. The feeling in which the beautiful establishment at

Mount Auburn originated, and the spirit which has sustained it so well, are consolatory symptoms of a better era of public sentiment about to dawn; and that example itself has done very much to bring on the more "perfect day." Let us hope that it will do still more; that its sweet influence will go forth through the whole length and breadth of the land; that every new establishment which is raised around us, in generous emulation of this, may be a fresh helper, a resistless pleader like itself, in this good cause of the heart; and that so the time may be duly hastened, when even the pilgrim who comes from other climes to visit us, may read, wherever he wanders, on the face of the soil, the character and praise of the living generation in the works which shall indicate their remembrance of those that have passed away.

Let us hope for these things, I say. And meanwhile we may borrow a leaf, as I hinted before, from the Old World's journal. Who that has roamed over those countries in anything like a leisurely way, or at all as a traveller should, whom aught animates beyond this restless, rankling, eternal thirst for helter-skelter business and filthy lucre, but has a memory richly stored, for the rest of his life-time, even out of the grave-yards alone? A memory! aye, and a heart, too;—stored with loveliest images of thought,—with feelings that are a ceaseless fountain to refresh the soul,—with pictures of sweet, sequestered scenes reposing in the mind's meditations, all beautiful as in nature itself,—sunny and still as the little lakes of the hills,—haunting and soothing one's spirit evermore. England, most of all, is full of these resources. Everywhere the kind of

church-yards I refer to are to be found;—old, venerable, moss-mantled, in every way picturesque,—yet greenly and freshly rural,—the very homes of meditation. There is a hearty homeliness in the English character, with all its faults, which delights in these outward observances of affectionate respect for the dead. If the "old countrymen" are not remarkable for a quick sensibility, there is nevertheless a permanent and steady ardor in their temperament, which "wears well." They may not form hasty attachments. They are slow to cultivate a common acquaintance. Even the "sociable" spirit which seems to be due to the indifferent circle one daily meets with, seems often a drudgery to them. But they have hearts, nevertheless, and these are "in the right place;"—none the less so for the lack of that superficially social and almost physical effervescence of emotion and expression which has obtained for some nations the credit of being more amiable, while in fact they are only more sprightly, and perhaps at the same time more vain. Among no people, at all events, are instances of persevering fidelity in friendship between the living more numerous; and it is the same feeling, the same substantial, homely, hearty character, which, in equal proportion, manifests itself, in a thousand most touching though simple forms of association between the departed generation and those who survive them, through all the humblest hamlets of the land.

I dwell daily, with a pleasure which I cannot express, on the remembrances of these sacred scenes. Not of the "dim and mighty minsters of old time" alone I think, whose

——"Very light
Streams with a coloring of heroic days
In every ray;"—

nor of

"Rich fretted roofs
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves;"—

nor of

"The crimson gloom from banners thrown;"—

nor

"Forms, in pale proud slumber carved,
Of warriors on their tombs, where jewelled crowns
On the flushed brows of conquerors have been set,
And the high anthems of old victories
Have made the dust give echoes!"—

These are rich indeed with an interest of their own, but they do not deeply touch the heart. Grave lessons are to be learned from them, but, as the poet adds, too frequently they are but memories and monuments of power and pride,—of power and pride

——That long ago,
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away."

These we behold with wondering awe;—it may be with a solemn admiration; yet these very feelings but stand in the way of deeper ones. We see too much,—too much of man and his observances. Crowds of associations too historical engross the mind. The imagination and the memory are excited to the prejudice of

the heart. No! give me the grave-yards of the common people, and the poor; the expressions of a nature which deems itself unobserved; the simplicity of a genuine feeling, obscured with whatever rudeness or ignorance. Give me the "lone places" where there is nothing "to be seen" but stones and sods, and trees, and chequered turf;—

> The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
> The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
> The reed by every wandering whisper thrilled.

Where but in such a spot, and in a country full of such; could genius itself have ever penned the "Elegy?" Who but an English poet could have been its author?—one who had revelled from childhood in scenes like those he describes in that immortal poem, and who had lain the dust of his own mother "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." From what other source than a "mountain church-yard" could spring the spirit of "Easter Day,"—so sublimely cheerful, so divinely true? It was the *graves* that appealed to the poetess; to them she uttered her appeal:—

> "And you, ye graves! upon whose turf I stand,
> Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,
> Time, with a soft and reconciling hand,
> The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread
> O'er every narrow bed:
> But not by time, and not by nature sown
> Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace hath grown.

"Christ hath arisen! Oh, not one cherished head
Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillowed here
Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier,)
A hope, upspringing clear
From those majestic tidings of the morn,
Which lit the living way to all of woman born.

"Thou hast wept mournfully, O human Love!
E'en on this greensward; night hath heard thy cry,
Heart-stricken one! thy precious dust above,—
Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply
Unto thine agony!
But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
Christ hath arisen, O Love! thy tears shall all be dried.

"Dark must have been the gushing of those tears,
Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the tomb,
On thine impassioned soul, in elder years,
When, burdened with the mystery of its doom,
Mortality's thick gloom
Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath
Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts of death.

"By thee, sad Love, and by thy sister, Fear,
Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought
To vail that haunting shadow, still too near,
Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought;
And, where the board was fraught
With wine and myrtles in the summer bower,
Felt, e'en when disavowed, a presence and a power.

"But that dark night is closed; and o'er the dead
Here, where the gleamy primrose-tufts have blown,
And where the mountain-heath a couch has spread,

And, settling oft on some gray-lettered stone,
The red-breast warbles lone;
And the wild bee's deep, drowsy murmurs pass
Like a low thrill of harp-strings through the grass;—

"Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's sleep,
We o'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye,
For hope sits dove-like on the gloomy deep,
And the green hills wherein these valleys lie
Seem all one sanctuary
Of holiest thought;—nor needs their fresh, bright sod,
Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to God."

I remember a spot among the Cumberland hills that might have inspired even poetry like this. It was the little church, (and church-yard) of Borrowdale;—the smallest building of its class in England, it is stated. Mr. Wordsworth, who lives in the neighborhood, said it was "no bigger than a cottage," and thus indeed it seemed, when, at the end of a long ramble, I found it so nestled away in the niche of a hill-side, so buried and wrapped in shade and solitude, that it was difficult to realize how even the narrow space within its walls should ever be filled by human worshippers. Another such picture the pedestrian may have to think of, who, sauntering along the hedge-lined bye-ways of the lovely Isle of Wight, suddenly stays his steps, unconsciously, to gaze over into the sweet, small garden of graves clustering all round the humble but exquisite Church of St. Lawrence; some of them, on the upper side of the mountain-slope, nearly as high as the moss-grown roof of the building, over which one sees, from the road-side, a glimpse of the lonely sea, spread out

at the base of the mountain. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the proportions of this ancient edifice, miniatural as it is. The slope of the hill it is set on is so steep that the road just mentioned is cut into it like a groove. On the upper side, a cliff towers up over one's head, almost perpendicularly, some hundred feet, yet everywhere, from the moisture of the climate, and the richness of the soil that still clings to the rocks, mantled with a soft, silky robe of the sweetest verdure the eye ever saw, brightly spotted with clusters of flowers, and small shrubs flourishing out from the crevices, and sometimes laden with vines. Below the church, the scene grows wilder. The hill-side shows, far up from the water-mark, traces of the fierce power of the element which sleeps now so quietly at its feet. Huge sea-stained points of crags peer out grimly on every side; the vegetation is withered, and disappears, as we wind farther down by the dizzy foot-path the egg-hunters have trodden; and now breaks out upon us, in its full volume, that terrible thunder of the surge of even these slumbering waves. But it is a thunder that comes only in mellowed music to him who saunters, as I did, in the noiseless avenues of the little sanctuary in the niche of the hill-side above. Many a time I stayed my steps to listen to this murmur, as borne on the gusts of the "sweet sea air, sweet and strange," it swelled and fell at intervals, like spirit-voices whispering to those who lay beneath. No! not to them. Theirs is the "dull, cold ear" that will not hear. To me, to all who visit this blessed temple, this sacred ground, to us, to us they speak. They tell us of the history below us, and of the destiny before.

They mind us well of the life we are living; ah! better still of that we have *not* lived, where there is no more "*moaning of the sea.*"

It was in this grave-yard I noticed a humble heap piled over the remains of one whose annals, as the modest marble at its head recorded them, touched my heart. It was a young, beautiful girl. She came to this neighborhood, I think, from Wales, probably for the restoration of health. But alas! nor herb, nor sea-air, nor care of relative or friend, could save her; no, not the yearning tenderness or breaking heart of him who loved her best, and who weeps now over the untimely tale I read. To him she had been long betrothed, and trusting still that dear deceiving hope which never leaves us, and which the poor perishing consumptive and her kindred cling to so fondly, till life's light goes quite out,—in this hope the marriage-day was appointed. Preparations, even, were made for it. On that day she died, and here she is buried, as in her last murmurs she asked that she might be—in her bridal dress! Peace be to her ashes—she "sleeps well" in the grave-yard of St. Lawrence!

Not very far, but very different from this, is the yard of the gray old church of Chale, which stands in the immediate neighborhood of a tremendous precipice, on the brink of the sea, called Blackgang Chine. Deep under this awful barrier a small, snug cove runs in, making what the islanders entitle Chale Bay; in itself a wild and yet pleasing and generally tranquil spot, bordered by a curved beach of shining sand, and enlivened by tiny streamlets of water, trickling from the verge of the huge rocks above. A man who hated

his own race, but yet loved nature, would choose a nook at the base of the Chine for his dwelling. No stranger, at least, would disturb him; for if he did not pass by the edge of the cliff, in the way-side, as he probably would, without knowing it, he would shudder and start back from the sight:—there is something threatening, appalling, in the lonely sublimity, and even in the intense, strange solitude of the place. But ah! if he knew, as I do, its history! Four times, if not more, since my brief acquaintance with this charming Island began, have gallant ships gone down, in storm and surge, in this fatal cove.

I learned the history of one of these hapless companies from the marbles of the church-yard of Chale. There they were buried, with the sad solemnities suited to such an occasion, and with all the tenderness needed to soothe *their* hearts who were watching now so eagerly for the return of a long-expected ship. What a picture of human life, what a passage of human history it is! "Sermons," indeed, "in stones!" Six of the passengers were of one affectionate family; a gallant naval officer, coming home from a long service, with his wife, a babe, and three elder and beautiful daughters. The brother of this lady had been expecting them daily. He was one of the first on the Island to be informed of their coming —and of *how they had come*;—and to behold a spectacle which I will not describe. Let us hasten from the church-yard of Chale. The name is a knell in my memory.

A glance at the burial-place of the United Brethren near Ballymena in Ireland, may be a relief to the reader.

It is another of the spots one would choose for his bones to lie in;—for, say what we will, there is a *choice*, and the thought of it is no indifferent matter to us while alive, however little the fact itself may concern us or others in future time. The Moravians believe so, at least. They appreciate justly, too, the moral influence, the religious science, of a grave-yard. They do not deem it either decent to leave it neglected, or necessary to make it frightful. The little village, which I visited one Sabbath morning, is embosomed in trees, and surrounded with the famed emerald verdure of the country on every side;—divided into a small, harmonious arrangement of shaded streets, that, but for the neat rows of cottages, and regular beds of flowers on either hand, look more like natural lanes;—"remote from cities," in a word;—serene, peaceful, beautiful as a "thought of Paradise." I attended service in the little church, and afterwards walked through the grave-yard which lies on the table-land of a gentle green swell behind it, skirted with flourishing and flowery hedges, and spotted over, in hollow and heap, with checks of a mellow September sunshine, sifted through branches of leaning trees. I need not describe the scene in detail. The customs of this sect in the care of their dead are known to all. How truly are they delineated in Montgomery's lines on the graves of the Patriarchs:—

"A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,

With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who drest with duteous hands each hallowed sod.
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises whom the worm devoured beneath.
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguished there.
Yet not a hillock mouldered near that spot,
By one dishonored, or by all forgot.
To some warm heart the poorest dust was near,
From some kind eye the meanest claimed a tear.
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But white and red, with intermingling flowers,
The graves looked beautiful in sun and showers.
Green myrtles fenced them, and beyond that bound
Ran the clear rill, with ever-murmuring sound.
'T was not a scene for grief to nourish care,—
It breathed of hope, it moved the heart to prayer."

Yes, and it fills us with hope, it moves us to prayer, even to think of such a spot. What quietness, what beauty of visible nature, what harmony of rural sounds, what soothing emblems, in a word, of precious and glorious spiritual speculations, and what stirring yet soothing monitors to christian philosophy and to holy emotion were mingled with all the more customary and palpable minutiæ of the scene!—Would that *my* dust, too, might lie at last in some such "grave-yard of the Patriarchs!" Oh! leave me not to the noisomeness of a burial in the city;—I like not the thought. Let the birds sing over me, if they will, and the green

grass spring in the sunshine, and the violet and primrose flourish and glow in its midst. I would have the place no terror, at least, to those in whose kind memory I still might live. I would have it to console and cheer; to rouse, gently, to solemn but not gloomy meditation. The poorest village in the land, with all its rude obscurity, might easily be rich enough for this,—richer than countless wealth can make the more than deadly dwelling-place of him whose bones are shelved away in London or in Boston vaults. The poorest village may be far abler than the most opulent metropolis to emulate Mount Auburn in its way, for nature, and the love of it, are all it needs.

All? I think I hear some reader say. Where, then, are your great names? The church-yards of England and other lands are full of such. See how the dust of *Père la Chaise* teems with them! What monuments—what historical and classical accumulations—what scholars, conquerors, and bards—what hints and helps to patriotism, and perseverance and high ambition!

Aye, and to other feelings, I fear, less in unison with that which is, or should be, the reigning spirit of the place;—perhaps to some but too well adapted to counteract it;—to sensations, to mere excitement, more than to feelings, in the better sense of the word, at all. On this point I have intimated my impressions already, in speaking of the style of the Cathedrals and other places of the kind. I would not be deemed insensible to the just worth of the associations now in question. More dignity there certainly is in these, than in mere external decorations; and yet,—I acknowledge it freely,—I would not have the dust of Auburn to groan

with such a load of the one, scarcely more than of the other.

He who has visited the Parisian Cemetery whose *eclat* imposes on the imagination much more, let me say, than it can on the eyes—knows full well the expense at which the increase of its honors and the influence of its antiquity have been obtained. He who has *not* been there, can easily conceive what I mean. I will not dwell on such a theme. The more it is considered, however, the less disposed, I am sure, we shall be,—with all our awe and admiration at what is so fine and so famous in the "splendid" Cemeteries of the Old World—the less disposed we shall be, on the whole, to envy them anything of either the moral or the material grandeur they possess. So long, at least, as we can multiply Mount Auburns around us, it surely must be so. I know it is not sound philosophy to anticipate what we may not like when it comes. It is most unwise to burthen ourselves with the expected troubles of future generations, who doubtless will not only take the liberty to judge of their own condition for themselves, but will find something—many things—to make amends for whatever evil it may include. And yet, for such as incline to be discontented with the historical poverty of Mount Auburn,—for such, still more, as commit the error of confounding this want (a comparative want) of mere *classical* with one of *moral* character, in its wider sense,—for those, most especially, if any indeed there are, who covet the paraphernalia which intellect, and industry, and wealth and pride have certainly accumulated so richly round the burial-places of even the truly great and good, as well

as the illustriously insignificant or obnoxious dead of other lands,—for these, it may be well to consider how much better and fitter an establishment is Mount Auburn, for the purposes its founders and friends had in view when they reared it, than *Père la Chaise*, or anything of the sort, could possibly be in its place. How much better to muse in for the living, or to sleep in for the dead, than some few ages hence it may become, when opulence, and luxury, and fashion, and all the whims of humanity, and all the workings of time, shall have made it more like the great show-place of the gay and vain French Capital. Then indeed there will be over it a halo of glory; but will its charm for the heart remain the same? Future generations may be prouder of it than we are, but can they be as fond? Will not the musing moralist of those days, sometimes, weary of sensations and splendor, turn or seek to turn back in imagination to this uncrowded quietude and primitive simplicity—this glistering turf, —these cool, sweet-winding avenues and paths—this green, fresh beauty of the woods? Will he not think how once, with the first flush of the spring's verdure, and how again in the summer's sultry hours, the denizens of the city's populous streets *here* at least could wrap themselves so soon in solitude and bloom? How *here*, even those to whom trial and toil had made the world a weariness for the time, might learn, from the depths of nature, in intervals of solemn but refreshing meditation, to look forth with complacency, and renew themselves as they looked, through the tree-tops of the mountain-summit, on many a glorious vision of what had seemed to them before

no better than a "foul and pestilential congregation of vapors?" How *here*, the mourner, left alone with his Maker and *His* works,—save only these modest monuments of sacred sorrow, and faith, and love, so precious to the soul,—might find himself at length consoled by the soothing ministrations of nature, and made, by all the mighty though gentle influences of reason, of religion, awakened to new life within him, a wiser and even a happier being than before? Yes, such surely will be some of the reflections and the regrets of future generations. Let it be ours to appreciate what we possess.

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

I saw an aged man upon his bier:
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,—
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where the islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain-head.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed?
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage
Faded his late-declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy; every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long;
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I KNEW that we must part! day after day
I saw the dread destroyer win his way.
That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,
As on my ear its prophet-warning fell;
Feeble and slow thy once light footstep grew,
Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,
Thy thin, hot hand to mine more weakly clung,
Each sweet 'Good night,' fell fainter from thy tongue;
I knew that we must part—no power could save
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave;
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they cast,
Looking a sister's fondness to the last;
Those lips so pale, that gently pressed my cheek,
That voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak;
All told thy doom, I felt it at my heart,
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, Mary—thou art gone!
Gone in thine innocence, meek-suffering one.

Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep
So peacefully, it seemed a sin to weep,
In those fond watchers who around thee stood,
And felt, even then, that God even then was good.
Like stars that struggle through the shades of night,
Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,
As if to thee, in that dread hour, 't were given
To know on earth what faith believes of Heaven;
Then like tired breezes didst thou sink to rest,
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed;
Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,
And touched each feature with a new-born grace;
On cheek and brow unearthly beauty lay,
And told that life's poor cares had passed away.
In my last hour, be Heaven so kind to me—
I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted, Mary—thou art dead!
On its last resting-place I laid thy head,
Then by the coffin-side knelt down, and took
A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look;
Those marble lips no kindred kiss returned;
From those veiled orbs no glance responsive burned;
Ah! then I felt that thou hadst passed away,
That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay.
And then came Memory with her busy throng
Of tender images, forgotten long;
Years hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,
I saw thee—heard thee—as in days of old;
Sad and more sad each sacred feeling grew,
Manhood was moved, and sorrow claimed her due;
Thick, thick and fast, the burning tear-drops started,
I turned away—and felt that we had parted.

But not forever—in the silent tomb,
Where thou art laid, thy kindred shall find room;
A little while—a few short years of pain,
And, one by one, we'll come to thee again.
The kind old Father shall seek out the place,
And rest with thee, the youngest of his race;
The dear, dear Mother—bent with age and grief—
Shall lay her head by thine, in sweet relief;
Sister and Brother, and that faithful Friend,
True from the first, and tender to the end,
All, all, in His good time, who placed us here,
To live, to love, to die and disappear,
Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,
Beneath the shadow of that spreading tree;
With thee to sleep through death's long dreamless night,
With thee rise up and bless the morning light.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
  Blossom of being! seen and gone;
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
  O blessed, departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

Yes, thou art gone, ere guilt had power
  To stain thy cherub soul and form!
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
  That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
  That heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe a blight
  O'er thy sweet innocence;
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed, with all thy loveliness.

Oh! hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty! fair as brief,
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief;
Now, not a sullying breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb,
No sculptured image there shall mourn;
Ah! fitter, far, the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn;
Fragrance and flowers, and dews, must be
The only emblem meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with nature's brightest wreath;
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;
And oft, upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh! sometimes, in visions blest,
Sweet spirit, visit our repose,
And bear, from thine own world of rest,
Some balm for human woes;
What form more lovely could be given,
Than thine, to messenger of heaven!

THE GRAVE AND THE TOMB.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.*

The tomb is not so interesting as the grave. It savors of pride in those who can now be proud no longer; of distinction, where all are equal; of a feeling of eminence even under the hand of the great leveller of all our dust. And how useless to us are all the ensigns of magnificence that can be piled up above our bed! What though a sepulchral lamp throw its light up to the princely vaults under which my remains repose! They would rest as quietly were there no lamp there. The sleeping dust fears nothing. No dreams disturb it. It would not mark the neglect, should the sepulchral lamp be suffered to expire. It will not complain of the neglect, should it never be lighted again.

And why should my cold clay be imprisoned with so much care? Why thus immured, to keep it, as it would seem, from mingling with its kindred clay? When 'that which warmed it once' animates it no

* From an article in the *Token* for 1832.

more, what is there in my dust, that it should be thus jealously guarded? Is it lovely now in the eyes of those who may have once loved me? Will my children, or the children of my children, visit my vaulted chamber? They may, indeed, summon the courage to descend into my still abode, and gaze by torch-light upon the black and mouldering visage, which, not their memory, but my escutcheon, not their love, but their pride, may tell them is the face of their father; and this may eloquently remind them how soon the builder of the house of death must take up his abode in it; how soon the dust that we have, must mingle with the dust that we are; but still there is a feeling of horror in the atmosphere of the tomb, which chills all that is affectionate and tender in the emotions that lead them into it, and is anything but favorable to the moral uses to which the living may convert the dwellings of the dead; uses that will be secured by every daughter of affliction, of whom it may be said, as it was said of the sorrowing Mary, 'She goeth unto the *grave* to weep there.' Yes; though all whom I have loved or venerated sleep within its walls, I retreat from the tomb, the moment that I can do it without impiety, or even with decency. But I am differently affected when, with the rising sun, or by the light of the melancholy moon, I go alone to my mother's grave. There I love to linger; and, while there, I hear the wind sigh over one who often sighed for me. I breathe an air refreshed by the grass that draws its strength from the bosom from which I drew mine; and, in the drops of dew that tremble upon it, I see the tears that so often bedewed her eyes as she

breathed forth a prayer that her children might cherish her memory, and escape from the pollutions of the world.

Yes; to the lover of nature, in its simplicity, the grave is more interesting and more instructive than the tomb. It speaks in a voice as full of truth, and more full of tenderness, to those who visit it to indulge their griefs, or to hold spiritual converse with the sainted spirits that are gone. And if the spirit that, while on earth, was loved by us, does not, when it leaves the earth, lose all interest in its crumbling tenement, would *it* not rather see the child of earth clasped again to the sweet bosom of its mother, to be again incorporated with her substance, to assume again a form attractive and lovely, to become again the recipient of light, an object of admiration, and a conscious medium of enjoyment, than that it should lie and moulder away in darkness and silence—a cause of offence to strangers, and a source of terror to those whom it still loves? Rather than see our own clay thus dwelling in coldness and solitude, neither receiving enjoyment nor imparting it, would not our spirits, purged from all vanity and pride, be pleased to know that it was starting forth again into life and loveliness; that it was moving again in the fair light of heaven, and bathed in its showers; that it was giving forth the perfume of the rose, or blushing with its great beauty; or, that, having clothed the oak with its robe of summer, it was throwing a broad shade over the home of our children; or that, having once more felt the frost of death, it was falling withered upon their graves.

The grave, when visited thoughtfully and alone,

cannot but exert a favorable moral influence. It has already been remarked that it speaks in a voice full of tenderness and of truth. Its instructions reach not the ear, indeed, but they do reach the heart. By it, the departed friend is recalled in all but a visible presence, and by it, 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.' At such a time, how faithfully will the grave of your friend remind you of the pleasant moments when you were conversing with him in the living tones of affection and truth! when you were opening your hearts to each other, and becoming partakers, each of the other's hopes and purposes and cares; when with a generous confidence those secret things were shown to one another, which were locked up in the heart from all the world beside! Will the grave of your friend allow you to forget his single-heartedness in serving you; his unsullied honor; his plighted faith; his readiness to expose himself to danger that he might save you from it; and the calmness with which, when he perceived that his hold on life was breaking away, he gave up life's hopes, and, turning his eyes for the last time to the light, and looking up, for the last time, to the faces of those who loved him, he bade farewell to all, and gave up his spirit to the disposal of his God? Is all this forgotten, when you stand by his grave? Does not his very grave speak to you? Does it not bear its testimony to the value of youthful purity and truth, and of the power of an humble confidence in the Most High, to give dignity to the character of the young, and to disarm Death of the most dreadful of his weapons, even when he comes for his most dreadful work—to cut off life in the beauty of its morning?

Does there not come up from his grave a voice, like that which comes down from the skies—a voice not meant for the ear, but addressed to the heart, and felt by the heart as the kindest and most serious tones of the living friend were never felt?

And the children of sorrow—they whose hands have prepared a resting place for their parents in the 'Garden of Graves,' shall go to that garden and find that their hearts are made better by offering there the sacrifice of filial piety, or by listening there to the rebuke which a guilty ear will hear coming forth from the dust. The leaf that rustles on his father's grave shall tell the undutiful son of disquiet sleep beneath it. The gray hairs of his father went down to the grave, not in sorrow alone, but in shame. The follies of his son made them thus go down. Son of disobedience, that tall grass, sighing over thy father's dust, whispers a rebuke to thee. It speaks of thy waywardness when a child; of thy want of filial reverence in maturer years; of thy contempt for a parent's counsels; and of thy disregard of his feelings, his infirmities, and his prayers. It will be well for thee if the grave, by its rebuke, shall so chasten thee for thine iniquity, that thine own soul, when called away, may meet thy father and thy God in peace.

How different is the language of thy father's grave to thee, my brother. Does it not recall the many hours to thy remembrance, which were given to his service? Were not his thin locks decently composed, in death, by thine own hand? Did not his dim eye turn to thee in 'the inevitable hour' as to the pleasant light of the sun? Did he not, with his last grasp, take hold of thy

hand, and did not his pressure of thy hand tell thee, when his tongue could not, that it was *that* which had upheld and comforted him in his decaying strength; and was it not his last prayer that thou mightest be blest in thine own children as he had been blest in his? He has gone to his rest and his reward. But his sepulchre is green, and at thy coming, though it gives him not to thy embrace, it restores him to thy grateful remembrance. His counsels are again addressed to thine ear. His upright life is still before thine eye. His devotion to thine own highest interests sinks down, with new weight, into the depths of thy heart. Thou catchest again the religious tones of his morning and evening prayer. They speak of peace to the venerated dead. They are full of hope and consolation to the living. They tell how 'blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,' how sweetly 'they rest from their labors,' and how happy it is for them that 'their works do follow them.'

And thou, my sister, why dost thou go forth alone to visit thy mother's grave? Will she recognise thy foot-fall at the door of her narrow house? Will she give thee a mother's welcome, and a mother's blessing? Her blessing shall indeed meet thee there, though not her welcome; for *there* shall gather round thee the sacred remembrances of her care and her love for thee; the remembrance of her gentle admonitions, her patience and faithfulness; of her spirit of forbearance and meekness under provocation, and of that ever wakeful principle of industry, neatness and order, which always made her home so pleasant to those whom she loved; and *there* shall visit thee, like one of

the spirits of the blest, the thought of her own blessed spirit, as it rose in fervent prayers for the welfare and salvation of those who were given to her charge. She will speak to thee there, again, as she often spoke in life, of the hour that is coming, when thou, who didst once sleep upon her bosom, shalt sleep by her side, being gathered to the great congregation of the dead. She will speak to thee, from her grave, of the worth of innocence, of the importance of chastening the extravagance of thy young hopes, and of looking thoughtfully and seriously upon the world as a scene of trying duties and severe temptations, of the countless evils that join hand in hand and follow on in the train of a single folly, and of the momentous bearing of thy present course upon thy peace in this life, and upon thy condition when thy dust shall be mingling with hers. Then,

'Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.'

THE SHEFFIELD CEMETERY.

BY MRS. HOFFLAND.*

Methinks the wide earth, in its fairest lands,
Hath not one spot more meet for man's repose,
Than this most lovely scene. Amid these shades,
In contemplative hope, we still may meet
The dear, the lov'd, the honor'd—may imbibe
The solace our bereaved hearts require,
When life's most tender ties in twain are torn,
And chill despair is seated on love's throne.

In pure religion's, or in reason's eye,
It nought avails, whether the friend we lose
Moulders, amid a thousand festering forms,
In the foul pit of pestilence, or rests
In marble sepulchre ;—we know God's voice
Will, from old Ocean's central caves, and Earth's

* In offering to the reader this, we believe the latest, poetical production of an accomplished lady whose pen has added so much to the world's happiness, it is proper to remark that she is a native of the town named in the title.

O'erwhelming tumuli, alike, call forth
That great unnumbered family to whom
He gave the "living soul" which never dies.
But yet these human feelings yearn to give
The quiet solitude, the lonely bower,
The peaceful tomb, as our last duteous boon,
Where the dead sleep, the living weep unseen.
Nor does the christian's faith such cares forbid,
For she who came, with alabaster box,
T' anoint her Saviour's feet, was praised—albeit
She did it as a funeral rite; and he
Who placed his Lord in the new sepulchre
"Where man had never laid," and wrapt his corpse
In costly ligaments, unto this hour
Is blessed for the deed. The Patriarch thus
Purchased a tomb for his beloved wife,
And thither were his pious offspring borne
From distant lands, to blend with kindred dust.

Such cares belong unto the better part
Of our frail nature, and warm thanks are due
To those who form such garden, and such grave,
For pure affection's solace, which beholds
In each green leaf that springs, each bud that bursts
Its fragile cerements, foretaste of that hour,
Foretold to faith in God's eternal word,
When "these dry bones shall live." Then the last trump
Shall wake the imprisoned ones, and each green mound,
Or monumental stone, with being rife,
Heave from their bosoms a redundant throng
Of beings bright with glory—yet distinct—
"As one star from another differeth" though all
Are rich in pure effulgence—for their robes

(Whate'er their names amongst their fellow-men)
Were wash'd thus white in their Redeemer's blood.

It were not well these hallowed shades should lack
Observance due of art's accustomed works,
And virtue's claims to live for ages hence
In blest remembrance 'neath the public eye.
If, in the Pagan world, the sculptured fane
Told when a worthy citizen was gone,
A hero fall'n, a loving wife remov'd,
A beauteous daughter in her virgin bloom
Torn from the weeping parent, and the tomb
Was dight with mimic flowers and mourning nymphs,
And fond inscriptions eager to implore
The sympathetic sigh—why should not *we*
Thus grace the tomb?—thus sue for pity's tear?
Since it is sweet to all; yet even then,
Exult that "life and immortality,"
Given by the Gospel, sheds upon our graves
Hopes known not to their wisest. "Being dead
Yet speak they," and how deep the lesson thrills
When sinks the sun, and twilight shadows fall
From their umbrageous woods on the white tomb,
Where with his loved ones the pale mourner looks,—
Ere long himself to lie.

Farewell, dear scene. "Pleasant tho' mournful,"
thou
Hast touched my heart as by a master-spell,
Making it sweet to weep, and sweet to know,
That in a land so fair I first drew breath,
And gazed on thy bright landscape, gaining thence
Deep sense of all things beautiful and good.

SONG OF MAY.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

The Spring's scented buds all around me are smiling—
  There are songs in the stream—there is health in the gale;
A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
  As float the pure day-beams o'er mountain and vale;
The desolate reign of old winter is broken—
  The verdure is fresh upon every tree;
Of Nature's revival the charm, and a token
  Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty, to thee!

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
  And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;
He welcomes the gladness, and glory, returning
  To rest on the promise and hope of the year.
He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers;
  He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the wave;
He wakes into music the green forest bowers,
  And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion—
  He timidly sails in the infinite sky;

A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,
He pours on the west wind's fragrant sigh:
Around, above, there are peace and pleasure—
The woodlands are singing—the heaven is bright;
The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,
And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas for my weary and care-haunted bosom!—
The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;
The song in the wild wood—the sheen in the blossom—
The fresh swelling fountain—their magic is o'er!
When I list to the streams, when I look on the flowers,
They tell of the Past with so mournful a tone,
That I call up the throngs of my long-banished hours,
And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth, from the limitless heaven,
There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam;
To my veil'd mind no more is the influence given,
Which coloreth life with the hues of a dream:
The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth—
I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave;—
But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,
Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended—
'Tis not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow;
But the newness and sweetness of being are ended—
I feel not their love-kindling witchery now;
The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping—
There are those who have loved me, debarred from the day;
The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,
And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence—
  It hears, from the Past, a funeral strain ;
And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,
  Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again ;
Where no mildew the soft, damask-rose cheek shall
      nourish—
  Where grief bears no longer the poisonous sting ;
Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,
  Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus that the hopes, which to others are given,
  Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May ;
I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven—
  I drink the bland airs that enliven the day ;
And if gentle nature, her festival keeping,
  Delights not my bosom, ah ! do not condemn :—
O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,
  For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

THE LILY'S QUEST.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Two lovers, once upon a time, had planned a little summer-house, in the form of an antique temple, which it was their purpose to consecrate to all manner of refined and innocent enjoyments. There they would hold pleasant intercourse with one another, and the circle of their familiar friends; there they would give festivals of delicious fruit; there they would hear lightsome music, intermingled with the strains of pathos which make joy more sweet; there they would read poetry and fiction, and permit their own minds to flit away in day-dreams and romance; there, in short—for why should we shape out the vague sunshine of their hopes?—there all pure delights were to cluster like roses among the pillars of the edifice, and blossom ever new and spontaneously. So, one breezy and cloudless afternoon, Adam Forrester and Lilias Fay set out upon a ramble over the wide estate which they were to possess together, seeking a proper site for their Temple of Happiness. They were themselves a fair

and happy spectacle, fit priest and priestess for such a shrine; although, making poetry of the pretty name of Lilias, Adam Forrester was wont to call her Lily, because her form was as fragile, and her cheek almost as pale.

As they passed, hand in hand, down the avenue of drooping elms, that led from the portal of Lilias Fay's paternal mansion, they seemed to glance like winged creatures through the strips of sunshine, and to scatter brightness where the deep shadows fell. But, setting forth at the same time with this youthful pair, there was a dismal figure, wrapped in a black velvet cloak, that might have been made of a coffin pall, and with a sombre hat, such as mourners wear, dropping its broad brim over his heavy brows. Glancing behind them, the lovers well knew who it was that followed, but wished from their hearts that he had been elsewhere, as being a companion so strangely unsuited to their joyous errand. It was a near relative of Lilias Fay, an old man by the name of Walter Gascoigne, who had long labored under the burthen of a melancholy spirit, which was sometimes maddened into absolute insanity, and always had a tinge of it. What a contrast between the young pilgrims of bliss, and their unbidden associate! They looked as if moulded of Heaven's sunshine, and he of earth's gloomiest shade; they flitted along like Hope and Joy, roaming hand and hand through life; while his darksome figure stalked behind, a type of all the woful influences which life could fling upon them. But the three had not gone far, when they reached a spot that pleased the gentle Lily, and she paused.

"What sweeter place shall we find than this?" said she. "Why should we seek farther for the site of our Temple?"

It was indeed a delightful spot of earth, though undistinguished by any very prominent beauties, being merely a nook in the shelter of a hill, with the prospect of a distant lake in one direction, and of a church-spire in another. There were vistas and pathways, leading onward and onward into the green wood-lands, and vanishing away in the glimmering shade. The Temple, if erected here, would look towards the west; so that the lovers could shape all sorts of fantastical dreams out of the purple, violet and gold of the sunset sky; and few of their anticipated pleasures were dearer than this sport of fantasy.

"Yes," said Adam Forrester, "we might seek all day, and find no lovelier spot. We will build our Temple here."

But their sad old companion, who had taken his stand on the very site which they proposed to cover with a marble floor, shook his head and frowned; and the young man and the Lily deemed it almost enough to blight the spot, and desecrate it for their airy Temple, that his dismal figure had thrown its shadow there. He pointed to some scattered stones, the remnants of a former structure, and to flowers, such as young girls delight to nurse in their gardens, but which had now relapsed into the wild simplicity of nature.

"Not here!" cried old Walter Gascoigne. "Here, long ago, other mortals built their Temple of Happiness. Seek another site for yours!"

"What!" exclaimed Lilias Fay, "have any ever planned such a Temple, save ourselves?"

"Poor child!" said her gloomy kinsman, "in one shape or other, every mortal has dreamed your dream."

Then he told the lovers, how—not, indeed, an antique Temple—but a dwelling had once stood there, and that a dark-clad guest had dwelt among its inmates, sitting forever at the fire-side, and poisoning all their household mirth. Under this type, Adam Forrester and Lilias saw that the old man spoke of sorrow. He told of nothing that might not be recorded in the history of almost every household; and yet his hearers felt as if no sunshine ought to fall upon a spot where human grief had left so deep a stain; or, at least, that no joyous Temple should be built there.

"This is very sad," said the Lily, sighing.

"Well, there are lovelier spots than this," said Adam Forrester, soothingly—"spots which sorrow has not blighted."

So they hastened away, and the melancholy Gascoigne followed them, looking as if he had gathered up all the gloom of the deserted spot, and was bearing it as a burthen of inestimable treasure. But still they rambled on, and soon found themselves in a rocky dell, through the midst of which ran a streamlet, with ripple, and foam, and a continual voice of inarticulate joy. It was a wild retreat, walled on either side with gray precipices, which would have frowned somewhat too sternly, had not a profusion of green shrubbery rooted itself into their crevices, and wreathed gladsome foliage around their solemn brows. But the chief joy

of the dell was like the presence of a blissful child, with nothing earthly to do, save to babble merrily and disport itself, and make every living soul its playfellow, and throw the sunny gleams of its spirit upon all.

"Here, here is the spot!" cried the two lovers with one voice, as they reached a level space on the brink of a small cascade. "This glen was made on purpose for our Temple!"

"And the glad song of the brook will be always in our ears," said Lilias Fay.

"And its long melody shall sing the bliss of our lifetime," said Adam Forrester.

"Ye must build no temple here!" murmured their dismal companion.

And there again was the old lunatic, standing first on the spot where they meant to rear their lightsome dome, and looking like the embodied symbol of some great woe, that, in forgotten days, had happened there. And, alas! there had been woe, nor that alone. A young man, more than a hundred years before, had lured hither a girl that loved him, and on this spot had murdered her, and washed his bloody hands in the stream which sang so merrily. And ever since, the victim's death shrieks were often heard to echo beneath the cliffs.

"And see!" cried old Gascoigne, "is the stream yet pure from the stain of the murderer's hands?"

"Methinks it has a tinge of blood," faintly answered the Lily, and being as light as gossamer, she trembled and clung to her lover's arm, whispering, "let us flee from this dreadful vale!"

"Come, then," said Adam Forrester, as cheerily as he could; "we shall soon find a happier spot."

They set forth again, young pilgrims on that quest which millions—which every child on earth—has tried in turn. And were the Lily and her lover to be more fortunate than all those millions? For a long time, it seemed not so. The dismal shape of the old lunatic still glided behind them; and for every spot that looked lovely in their eyes, he had some legend of human wrong or suffering, so miserably sad, that his auditors could never afterwards connect the idea of joy with the place where it happened. Here, a heart-broken woman, kneeling to her child, had been spurned from his feet; here, a desolate old creature had prayed to the Evil One, and had received a fiendish malignity of soul, in answer to her prayer; here, a new-born infant, sweet blossom of life, had been found dead, with the impress of its mother's fingers round its throat; and here, under a shattered oak, two lovers had been stricken by lightning, and fell blackened corpses in each other's arms. The dreary Gascoigne had a gift to know whatever evil and lamentable thing had stained the bosom of mother earth; and when his funereal voice had told the tale, it appeared like a prophecy of future woe, as well as a tradition of the past. And now, by their sad demeanor, you would have fancied that the pilgrim lovers were seeking, not a temple of earthly joy, but a tomb for themselves and their posterity.

"Where in the world," exclaimed Adam Forrester, despondingly, "shall we build our Temple of Happiness!"

"Where in this world, indeed!" repeated Lilias Fay;

and being faint and weary, the more so by the heaviness of her heart, the Lily drooped her head and sat down on the summit of a knoll, repeating, "where in this world shall we build our Temple!"

"Ah! have you already asked yourselves that question?" said their companion, his shaded features growing even gloomier with the smile that dwelt on them; "yet there is a place, even in this world, where you may build it."

While the old man spoke, Adam Forrester and Lilias had carelessly thrown their eyes around, and perceived that the spot, where they had chanced to pause, possessed a quiet charm, which was well enough adapted to their present mood of mind. It was a small rise of ground, with a certain regularity of shape, that had perhaps been bestowed by art, and a group of trees, which almost surrounded it, threw their pensive shadows across and far beyond, although some softened glory of the sunshine found its way there. The ancestral mansion, wherein the lovers would dwell together, appeared on one side, and the ivied church, where they were to worship, on another. Happening to cast their eyes on the ground, they smiled, yet with a sense of wonder, to see that a pale lily was growing at their feet.

"We will build our Temple here," said they, simultaneously, and with an indescribable conviction that they had at last found the very spot.

Yet, while they uttered this exclamation, the young man and the Lily turned an apprehensive glance at their dreary associate, deeming it hardly possible that some tale of earthly affliction should not make these

precincts loathsome, as in every former case. The old man stood just behind them, so as to form the chief figure in the group, with his sable cloak muffling the lower part of his visage, and his sombre hat overshadowing his brows. But he gave no word of dissent from their purpose; and an inscrutable smile was accepted by the lovers as a token that here had been no foot-print of guilt or sorrow, to desecrate this site of their Temple of Happiness.

In a little time longer, while summer was still in its prime, the fairy structure of the Temple arose on the summit of the knoll, amid the solemn shadows of the trees, yet often gladdened with bright sunshine. It was built of white marble, with slender and graceful pillars, supporting a vaulted dome; and beneath the centre of this dome, upon a pedestal, was a slab of dark-veined marble, on which books and music might be strewn. But there was a fantasy among the people of the neighborhood, that the edifice was planned after an ancient mausoleum, and was intended for a tomb, and that the central slab of dark-veined marble was to be inscribed with the names of buried ones. They doubted, too, whether the form of Lilias Fay could appertain to a creature of this earth, being so very delicate, and growing every day more fragile, so that she looked as if the summer breeze should snatch her up and waft her heavenward. But still, she watched the daily growth of the Temple; and so did old Walter Gascoigne, who now made that spot his continual haunt, leaning whole hours together on his staff, and giving as deep attention to the work as though it had been indeed a tomb. In due time it was

finished, and a day appointed for the simple rite of dedication.

On the preceding evening, after Adam Forrester had taken leave of his mistress, he looked back towards the portal of her dwelling, and felt a strange thrill of fear; for he imagined that, as the setting sunbeams faded from her figure, she was exhaling away, and that something of her ethereal substance was withdrawn, with each lessening gleam of light. With his farewell glance, a shadow had fallen over the portal, and Lilias was invisible. His foreboding spirit deemed it an omen at the time, and so it proved; for the sweetest form, by which the Lily had been manifested to the world, was found lifeless, the next morning, in the Temple, with her head resting on her arms, which were folded upon the slab of dark-veined marble. The chill winds of the earth had long since breathed a blight into this beautiful flower, so that a loving hand had now transplanted it, to blossom brightly in the garden of Paradise.

But alas, for the Temple of Happiness! In his unutterable grief, Adam Forrester had no purpose more at heart, than to convert this Temple of many delightful hopes into a tomb, and bury his dead mistress there. And lo! a wonder! Digging a grave beneath the Temple's marble floor, the sexton found no virgin earth, such as was meet to receive the maiden's dust, but an ancient sepulchre, in which were treasured up the bones of generations that had died long ago. Among those forgotten ancestors was Lily to be laid. And when the funeral procession brought Lilias thither in her coffin, they beheld old Walter Gascoigne

standing beneath the dome of the Temple, with his cloak of pall, and face of darkest gloom; and wherever that figure might take its stand, the spot would seem a sepulchre. He watched the mourners as they lowered the coffin down.

"And so," said he to Adam Forrester, with the strange smile in which his insanity was wont to gleam forth, "you have found no better foundation for your happiness than on a grave!"

But as the Shadow of Affliction spoke, a vision of Hope and Joy had its birth in Adam's mind, even from the old man's taunting words; for then he knew what was betokened by the parable in which the Lily and himself had acted; and the mystery of Life and Death was opened to him.

"Joy! joy!" he cried, throwing his arms towards Heaven, "on a grave be the site of our Temple; and now our happiness is for eternity!"

With these words, a ray of sunshine broke through the dismal sky and glimmered down into the sepulchre, while, at the same moment, the shape of old Walter Gascoigne stalked drearily away, because his gloom, symbolic of all earthly sorrow, might no longer abide there, now that the darkest riddle of humanity was read.

THE TWO GRAVES.*

BY I. MCLELLAN, JUN.

Here, in the ray of morn and eve,
  Gleams the white stone, that bears his name;
While far away, beneath the sea,
  Is sepulchred his frame.
But here, with solemn step, may come
  Affection, with her streaming eye,
The father, with his manly grief,
  The mother, with her mournful sigh,
The brother, with his brow of care,
The sister, with her secret prayer.

Dear Youth! when seeking, in a foreign land,
  New vigor for thy wasted form,
How fondly didst thou pant once more
  To join the anxious group at home;
Or hope, at least, to bid farewell
  To life beside a father's hearth,—

* See preceding sketches of the monuments of Buckingham and McLellan.

That kindred hands might close thine eye,
And kindred hands place thee in earth.
But no;—strange faces watched thy dying pain,
And strangers laid thy body in the main!

Another grave! another name
Graved on the lonely church-yard stone,
Another youthful heart at rest,
Another youthful spirit flown!
And oft parental love shall seek
To pour its aching sorrow here,
And oft fraternal fondness bring
Its anguish and its tear.

And thou, too, in a foreign land
Didst follow after sacred lore,
Still panting for the joys of home,
When all thy wanderings were o'er.
But soon, alas! ere many days
Had joined thee to that long-wished home,
That blooming head and youthful frame
Were slumbering in the tomb!

Dear Youth! as by thine early grave
I hear the long grass, dirge-like, sigh,
Bright thoughts of other years arise
Till sorrow fills mine eye.
I think of youth, and joy, and bloom,
Of childhood's sports, and boyhood's glee,
When life seemed all a golden dream,
And each young heart beat free.
The happy sun that smiled at morn,
The bird that called us forth to play,
Awaked us then to no sad thought,
Awaked us to no toiling day;

Together, when the school-bell called,
Our willing youthful feet obeyed,
And when the eve grew dim, our heads
Were on the self-same pillow laid

Ah! never more that happy voice
Will cheer me on life's thorny way,
And never more that buoyant frame
Will rise with me at peep of day;
But low within the silent vault,
Beneath the dull and senseless clod,
It rests until that trump shall sound,
The awaking trump of God!

A THOUGHT OF MOUNT AUBURN.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.*

Fair land, whose loveliness hath filled
My soul's imaginings,
At whose high names my heart hath thrilled,
Through all its finest strings!
There was a sunny light around
My idlest thought of thee;
I dreamed that thou a hallowed ground,
A fairy land, must be;

* Of Liverpool. Received by the Editor in reply to a letter communicating the design of this volume.

I thought upon thy boundless woods,
Thy prairies broad and lone,—
I thought upon thy rushing floods,
Thy cataracts' thunder-tone,—
On valleys, 'midst whose summer pride
Man's foot hath never been,
On cities rising, white and wide,
Amidst the forest green;
I sent my heart to many a nook
Beyond the western waves;
Strange, that its dreams should overlook
The places of thy graves!

I thought upon the Indian race,
Those phantoms of the past,
Following, unchecked, the patient chase,
Through forests, drear and vast;
I thought of all thy mighty ones,
The giants of their time,
Whose names their country proudly owns
Eternal, and sublime.
But of the myriads in their shrouds
Beside thy cities spread,—
I thought not of those nameless crowds,
Thy tribes of lowlier dead!

A shadow comes upon my dream,
Land of fair trees and flowers!
O'er thee hath swept death's mighty stream,
As o'er this isle of ours;
Like hers, thy children have been wrung
With partings, day by day;
Vain tears have poured, vain prayers have sprung,
Beside the senseless clay.

I *knew* thou hadst no charmed shore,
I *knew* thy people die,
Yet never felt I so before
The cold reality;
For now hath mournful fancy sped,
And many a lesson brings,
Since o'er *one* city of thy dead
She droops awhile her wings!

And, let her roam from pole to pole,
'Neath stormy skies or clear,
Still doth she whisper to my soul,
"The dead, the dead are here!"
Yea, all the differences of life
Are merged in one close tie;
Here endeth feud, here ceaseth strife,
For *all* who live must die.
There is no bond of grief or mirth,
No link of land or faith,
Like that strong chain that binds all Earth
The brotherhood of Death!

THE DEPARTED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The departed! the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories,
Like shadows over streams;

But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed—the departed
Can never more return!

The good, the brave, the beautiful!
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep,—
Or where the hurrying night-winds
Pale Winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead!

I look around and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone,
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown.
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress trees;
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain;
I scarce can think Earth's minstrelsy
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of Summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me,
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall!
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.

I know that they are happy,
With their angel plumage on;
But my heart is very desolate,
To think that they are gone.

The departed!—the departed!
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide above our memories,
Like shadows over streams;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed—the departed
Can never more return!

A MOTHER'S MONUMENT.

BY J. R. CHANDLER.

"The flowers that spring up on the sunny side of hillocks, beneath remnants of snow-banks, are very small and entirely scentless, and the little beauty which is imputed to them, is chiefly from contrast with the desolation and coldness in which they are found."

The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind, which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how

sceptical and heart-smitten—(not heart-broken—the broken heart always believes)—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and proclaimed,with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief,—deep grief makes us selfish, and the naturally timid and nervous lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them when the benefit of others is alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; I suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which I so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness.

The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave, and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and, turning to the child, he added: "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying-ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself —when, recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre:—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth, with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and, indeed, I did not win his confidence, until I

told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say, that my mother would come up out of this grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked he, in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower-seed on the grave. The grass came green in this burying-ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground!—by and by mammy will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But, my little child," said I, "it is not here that your poor mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave-side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper!—What mother would desire a richer

monument than the form of her only son, bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise,"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do?—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go, then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"*Then* I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait, then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon—I thought I should meet her *here*."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, were profitless and vain.

I SEE THEE STILL.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I see thee still!
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old;
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still!

I see thee still,
In every hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound—
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided;
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Sweet Sister, thou didst cull for me;
This book was thine—here didst thou read—
This picture, ah! yes, here indeed
I see thee still!

I see thee still;
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
This was thy favorite fire-side seat:
This was thy chamber, where, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here on this bed thou last didst lie,
Here, on this pillow, thou didst DIE!
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold—
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see thee still!

I see thee still:
Thou art not in the tomb confined,
Death cannot claim the immortal mind.
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
Yet goodness dies not in the dust.
Thee, O my Sister, 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone—
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!